

Arthur Lidov

25 cents

NOVEMBER 1948

25th Year of Publication

The American Mercury

BEHIND THE SCENES IN BERLIN

Frank L. Kluckhohn

FACTS ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA

Alan Devoe

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MEAT SITUATION

F. W. ImMasche

THE MISERABLE MALE

Edith M. Stern

INDEPENDENT VOTER
AND MR. DEWEY

Russell W. Davenport

Page 527

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mercury Fiction...



While THE AMERICAN MERCURY generally prints only one short story a month—and occasionally none at all—it takes great pride in its fiction. So do our readers. So, indeed, does the writing world as a whole.

It is a mark of distinction for a writer to have his story accepted by THE MERCURY. It is a genuine experience for our readers to read it.

Is there, then, a special MERCURY type of story? There isn't. From the founding of the magazine there has been only one rule for fiction: it must appeal to intelligent, mature people, and it must be effectively written.

This simple rule has yielded some wonderful stories. Consider only a very few: "Convention," by Theodore Dreiser; "The Overcoat," by Sally Benson; "Death in the Woods," by Sherwood Anderson; "Absolution," by F. Scott Fitzgerald; "One Night at Coney," by Robert M. Coates; "Boom Town," by Thomas Wolfe; "The Wind is Blind," by James Wesley Ingles; "That Evening Sun Go Down," by William Faulkner; "The Last-Borned," by James McAdory.

There are several eminent names here, to be sure; but THE MERCURY printed most of them when the men and women who bear these names were virtually unknown. Many of them, in fact, were introduced to American readers in the pages of THE MERCURY.

THE MERCURY pioneers in its fiction as it does in all its other departments. In the vanguard in every field of quality periodical journalism, it addresses itself to people of taste and culture—which is why its readership is so unique and distinguished a group of men and women from all walks of life.

MEET THE PRESS

was selected for the Radio Honor Roll of 1947 by the *New York Times*. Jack Gould, radio editor of the *Times*, in making the award wrote:

“‘Meet the Press’ again was outstanding in its class. In employing trained newspapermen to question public figures on the issues of the day, it brings out a maximum of straightforward information and a minimum of confusion and emotion, something which cannot be said for many of the other discussion shows.”

This adds one more honor to the growing list of awards won by this outstanding radio presentation.

MEET THE PRESS

AMERICA'S PRESS CONFERENCE OF THE AIR

is presented each week by the Mutual Broadcasting System in cooperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Broadcast over WOR and most Mutual Stations each Friday at 10 P.M., Eastern Standard Time

The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME LXVII

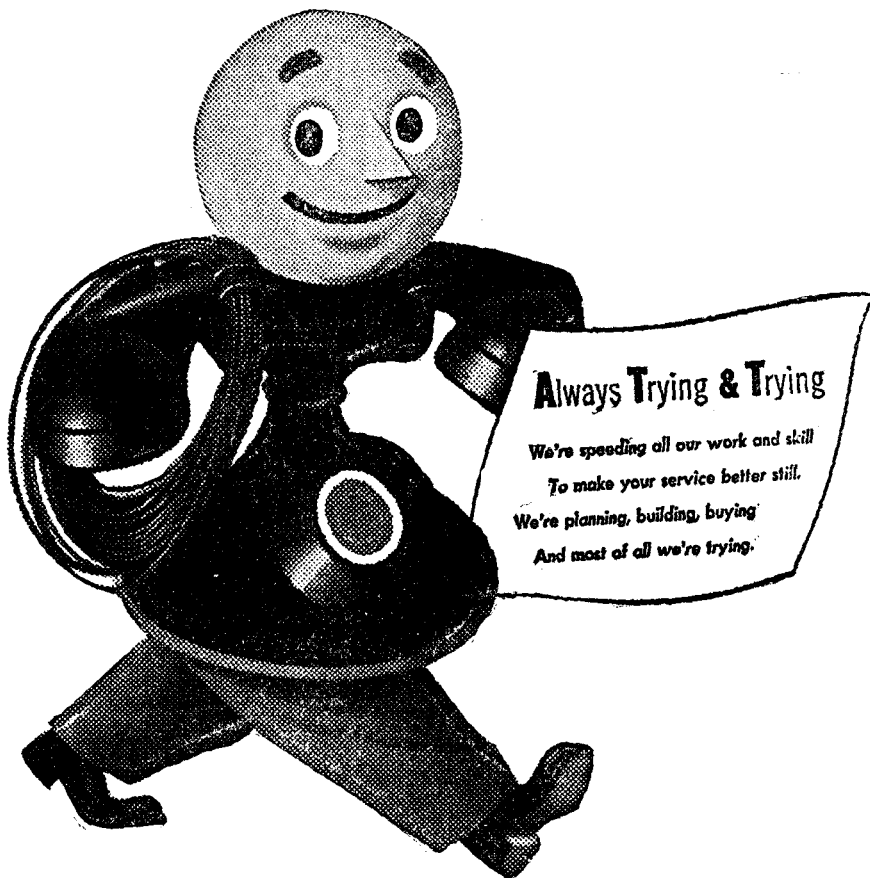
NOVEMBER 1948

NUMBER 299

Behind the Scenes in Berlin	Frank L. Kluckhohn	519
The Independent Voter and Mr. Dewey	Russell W. Davenport	527
Benvenuto, <i>A Poem</i>	David Morton	536
The Miserable Male	Edith M. Stern	537
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 39	David Maurer and Everett DeBaun	542
THE THEATRE: Characters without Character	George Jean Nathan	543
Auction Sale, <i>A Poem</i>	Charles Angoff	547
The Truth about the Meat Situation	F. W. ImMasche	548
Sherman: Imaginative Soldier	Richard O'Connor	555
Recording, <i>A Poem</i>	Michael Wilkins	564
America's Greatest Mass Execution	Harold A. Ronnenberg	565
Now Have We Reached That Quiet, <i>A Poem</i>	Dorothy Waugh	571
THE SOAP BOX		572
Two Puzzles		575
Midas in Mallorca	Melanie L. Pflaum	578
Jack O'Lantern, <i>A Poem</i>	Ulrich Troubetzkoy	586
Jesus and Little Lord Fauntleroy	Alan Devoe	587
No Almanac for Happiness, <i>A Poem</i>	Sjanna Solum	591
THE SKEPTICS' CORNER	Bergen Evans	592
Smart as a Pony, <i>A Story</i>	John Bell Clayton	595
What Can Be Done for Cerebral Palsy	Howard A. Rusk, M.D.	601
DOWN TO EARTH: Facts about Hydrophobia	Alan Devoe	605
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 40	Morris Rosenblum	609
The State of Arkansas	Everett M. Webber	610
The Portents of the Air, <i>A Poem</i>	Charles Norman	618
THE LIBRARY: Our Political Myths Re-examined	Ben Ray Redman	619
Song, <i>A Poem</i>	Jane Morrison	627
THE CHECK LIST		516
THE OPEN FORUM		632
COVER (Thomas E. Dewey) by Arthur Lidov		
DEPARTMENTAL DRAWINGS by Bertrand Zadig		

Copyright 1948 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publishers in the U. S., Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor & Publisher* Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*
Daniel Seligman, *Assistant Editor*; Joseph W. Ferman, *Business Manager*



"To Make Your Service Better Still"

In the past three years, we have extended and improved telephone service faster than ever before. We're trying to do even more.

Every month we're putting \$120,000,000 into new telephone facilities—completing new buildings all over the country—adding 250,000 new telephones in cities and on farms—changing 100,000 telephones to dial—adding 170,000 miles of Long Distance circuits.

So if you're waiting for a new tele-

phone or you'd like individual service instead of a party line or there's something about telephone service you'd like to have made better, we want you to know that we are moving along at a fast clip.

Your needs are very real to all of us and we won't be satisfied until everybody, everywhere, has more and better service than ever before.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

515

THE LITERARY BAZAAR

**FIRST EDITIONS • RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS • LITERARY SERVICES**

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "Best Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction, manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information, 31-35 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS
Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

BOOKS. "OUT-OF-PRINT". "HARD-TO-FIND".

ANY BOOK. GENEALOGY EXPERTS. Quick Service. Reliable. **BANKER BOOK Co.,** Dept. 10, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

GENERAL

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 25¢. American Numismatic Association, P.O. Box 577, Wichita, Kansas.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

"The Attack Upon Prostitution As An Attack Upon Culture," by R. Friedmann in **NEUROTICA** number 2 is typical of the trenchant writing one finds in **NEUROTICA**. Join the thousands of subscribers to this new, startlingly different kind of literary magazine. \$2.00, year. Still time to start with first issue. **NEUROTICA**, 4438½ Olive, St. Louis 8, Mo., Dept. AM-9.

516

THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

THE OLD BEAUTY AND OTHERS, by Willa Cather. \$2.50. *Knopf*. These seem to be the last three finished stories by the late Miss Cather. One of them, "The Best Years," is a wholly admirable long story done in the spirit of Miss Cather's "A Wagner Matinée." It is a tale of simple people in Nebraska, with particular attention to a young school teacher and her family. It is told with great tenderness for place and loving sympathy for people. The other two stories are not quite so successful. "The Old Beauty" is written in the style of "Coming, Aphrodite!"; the two tales have a considerable similarity in their heroines and their mood, but "The Old Beauty" seems to be done with somewhat less sureness. "Before Breakfast" is an attempt to portray a self-made man who is really a failure, but Miss Cather, unfortunately, doesn't seem to get very far with it. As a matter of fact, she never quite gets started on it. Fortunately the longest story in the book is "The Best Years," which is also the best story, and for that alone Miss Cather's admirers will be extremely grateful.

TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER, by Betty Smith. \$3.00. *Harper*. Mrs. Smith's second book deals pretty much with the same people as her first book. Her chief character here is Margy, the only daughter of a poverty-stricken Irish couple, who woos and wins Frankie as her husband. Frankie, of course, comes from a family of the same social level as Margy. The book is fairly readable, but one must also add that, in the main, it is little better than high-grade pulp. Mrs. Smith writes about people out of familiarity, but not with much understanding. Indeed, the book as a whole shows little more insight than a series of comic strips — kindly, sympathetic, but very superficial. Mrs. Smith has shown no progress in the use of the English language. She writes very sloppily and reveals no ear for rhythm or overtone.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER, by Graham Greene. \$3.00. *Viking*. The story of Mr.

Greene's latest novel is a very simple one: Scobie, a British colonial officer in Africa, sickens of his wife, who has the soul of a Woolworth clerk, which is to say her heaven is made up of movie situations. He is very sorry for her and decides to devote his life to making sure he does not hurt her, wittingly or unwittingly. He does, of course, by taking as mistress a much younger girl, and is so mortified by his action that he kills himself. The book is full of profundities on the order of the kind one hears at cocktail parties in the upper East Side of New York City. It is also written in the clipped, brittle manner of John O'Hara. The combination has somehow won it the acclaim of a certain type of critic, but the sad truth seems to be that *The Heart of the Matter* has little more value than a somewhat elongated movie plot. There is no more literature in it than there is in any of the works by John O'Hara.

LONG AFTER SUMMER, by Robert Nathan. \$2.00. *Knopf*. This is probably Mr. Nathan's twentieth novel, and if it is not his worst, it must be very close to it. It is the tale of an orphan girl who falls in love with the son of a fisherman, and who almost loses her mind when her sweetheart drowns. It is written in Mr. Nathan's now familiar cloying style, dripping with sentimentality, and it is utterly devoid of insight into character or situation. The book, however, should make what is known in Hollywood intellectual circles as a grade A movie.

THE ANSWER TO THE 33RD QUESTION, by Christopher Sykes. \$3.50. *Sloane*. This story of a man who is involved in the moral destruction of the two women he loves attempts to gain its strength from the principle of total responsibility which the Catholic writers, like the existentialists, are attempting to resurrect as a literary credo. The value of the current Catholic literary revival lies, aside from whatever intrinsic worth its books have, in its successful challenge to the heavy-handed naturalism of writers like, say, Norman Mailer. It is refreshing, after a generation of Huxleys and Dreisers, to come upon a group of young novelists who insist upon man's free will and upon man's moral responsibility for his actions. But when Sykes implies that his hero is responsible not only for his

(Continued on page 628)

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

in the HUMAN MALE

by Kinsey, Pomeroy & Martin

Based on surveys made by members of the Staff of Indiana University and supported by the National Research Council with Rockefeller Foundation funds.

The basic source book on human male sex behavior—the original "Kinsey Report."

\$6.50 at your bookstore

or send order with remittance to

W. B. SAUNDERS CO.

Dept. 13 Philadelphia 5

Publishers to the Medical and Allied Professions

Who reads The American Mercury?

THE MOST IMPORTANT MEN
AND WOMEN IN AMERICA!

They may not be large in number, as magazine circulations go, but they have a powerful influence in shaping the thoughts and actions of 140,000,000 Americans.

The American Mercury for December

will contain, among other things

THE MAN WHO WILL LEAD OUR ARMIES, by Donald Robinson. *A brilliant portrait of General Omar N. Bradley, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, written by the author of the excellent profiles of General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Secretary of State George C. Marshall and Secretary of Defense James Forrestal.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT ROMMEL'S LAST DAYS, by Countess Waldeck. *Much mystery has surrounded the meteoric rise and catastrophic collapse of General Rommel, one of the most legendary figures of the last war. Countess Waldeck made a special trip to Europe to unearth the truth about him, and what she has to say will fascinate all readers.*

HOW STREPTOMYCIN FIGHTS TUBERCULOSIS, by William Ellsworth Craft. *An authoritative and up-to-the-minute report upon the miracles of the new drug, streptomycin, in the therapy of certain forms of tuberculosis.*

THE GREAT BOORN MYSTERY, by Stewart H. Holbrook. *In this article Mr. Holbrook portrays "a lady of dubious character" in American history, who stirred up a considerable commotion in her town and time—written in Mr. Holbrook's usual magnificent manner.*

There will also be the usual departments: The Skeptics' Corner, The Library, The Soap Box, Down to Earth, The Open Forum, and The Check List.

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union. \$4.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' notice required for change of addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

The American Mercury 570 Lexington Avenue New York 22, N. Y.

Enter my subscription to *The Mercury*. I enclose ☐ \$3 for one year, ☐ \$8 for three years

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE NO.....STATE.....

AM 11-48

The American Mercury

BEHIND THE SCENES IN BERLIN

BY

FRANK L. KLUCKHOHN

AFTER the collapse of Germany, but before the defeat of Japan, Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov arrived in Washington on his way to the first meeting of the United Nations in San Francisco. He called on President Truman at the White House and made a momentous statement to the new Chief Executive. The Soviet Union, he said flatly, had won the war against Germany. His government therefore wanted all American and other Allied troops to leave the Reich at once.

President Truman was naturally astounded by this pronouncement. He got rid of Molotov as quickly as he could, and then called in Secre-

taries Stimson and Forrestal, Admiral Ernest J. King, Chief of Naval Operations, and General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff. He also visited ex-Secretary of State Hull, who was then in a hospital. To all of them he repeated Molotov's statement and asked for advice.

The next day the President called Molotov back to the White House and calmly told him that the United States would like to cooperate with the USSR. If, however, Soviet Russia intended to act unilaterally, Mr. Molotov and his government should bear in mind the fact that the United States had the strongest military forces in Europe. At that time, with

FRANK L. KLUCKHOHN has been a reporter and foreign correspondent for eighteen years. He reported on virtually every battlefield during World War II. His last contribution to the MERCURY was a profile of "Curley of Boston," which appeared last April.

the world's greatest air force still intact, the President's statement was true.

Molotov apparently was not prepared for this sort of reply. He proceeded to San Francisco in such a frame of mind that he came close to strangling the UN at its birth over a technical issue of voting procedure. Harry Hopkins had to be rushed to Moscow to mollify the Kremlin and to arrange a conference of the Big Three on Germany.

There were repercussions in Washington, too. One heard reports that Admiral King favored placing a blockade on the Soviet Union immediately. General Marshall, however, was known to oppose taking a strong line with Russia; he felt that if the American Army had to go into the Soviet Union it would have the same difficulties with lines of supply that the *Wehrmacht* had experienced. Marshall's point of view persuaded the President.

Molotov's demand was the first postwar statement of Soviet intentions of dominating Germany. Three years later — with American forces largely demobilized — these intentions have created a new world crisis: Russia is attempting to force the United States, Britain and France at least out of Berlin, using every tactic short of war.

The Kremlin's decision to close the land corridors in and out of Berlin emphasized that Stalin is more determined than ever to corral Germany into his own sphere. Germany's

strategic position in the heart of Europe is obvious; if the USSR held or completely dominated the Reich, continued French and Italian resistance to Communism would become virtually impossible. What is less widely recognized is that the German industrial potential is higher today than it was in 1936. We now know that the vast amount of industrial expansion that took place from 1936 through the war more than compensated for the destruction caused by Allied bombing. Hence, the USSR would be immeasurably strengthened if it could absorb the German industrial plant into its own shaky economy.

The American counter-decision to make use of the air corridors to Berlin created a far more dangerous situation than was at first realized in the States. Our decision to hold on in Berlin at all costs has converted the bomb- and shell-gutted city into a symbol. By making a test case of Berlin we have worked ourselves into a position where any evacuation would be as disastrous as Chamberlain's surrender at Munich in 1938.

A number of high-placed Americans were frankly critical of our decision to make Berlin a symbol of our determination to stay in Germany. Strategically the city is virtually useless to us, and since it is entirely surrounded by Soviet-controlled territory it would be impossible to hold in any test of arms. Moreover, our legal position in Berlin is not as strong as it might be. The formal agreements

signed by us at the end of the war do not specifically give us the right to use the highways in and out of the city, and are otherwise full of loopholes. In 1945 General Eisenhower — who may have been acting on orders from above — agreed to the terms of the four-power setup in Berlin in the belief that we could settle any problems with the Russians amicably.

Throughout Europe this summer there were widely-circulated rumors that Walter Bedell Smith, formerly Eisenhower's Chief of Staff and now our Ambassador in Moscow, privately favored evacuation of Berlin despite the status it had assumed as a symbol; and that in this respect General Smith was at odds with General Lucius P. Clay, American Military Governor in Germany. There is no longer any question that General Clay's policies will be upheld. Despite the military difficulties involved, we have morally committed ourselves to stay in Berlin. If we hauled down the flag over the city now, we might as well pull out of Europe.

II

Early last spring, long before the Berlin situation came to a head, some officials in Washington thought that Soviet leaders were prepared to drop their policy of moving into areas where Allied strength had weakened — as in Greece and Czechoslovakia. Instead, it was prognosticated, the Russians were prepared to adopt an outright policy of attempting to overrun Western strong points.

As far as Berlin was concerned, General Clay was definitely in favor of meeting this Soviet strategy head-on. There were enough trains, trucks and barges in the Western sectors of Berlin to assure its huge German population of adequate supplies. Clay felt that any blockade could be beaten by sending an armed train, or an armed motor convoy, into the city; he thought that the Russians would either have to let it go through or undertake a battle that might well lead to another world war.

Whether sending an armed train through to Berlin at that time was feasible is extremely dubious; the Russians probably could have blocked it without undertaking a pitched battle, merely by blowing up a few bridges. In any case, President Truman decided against the idea. On the basis of the highly reliable estimates he had of what the Russians would do, the President last spring arrived at a decision of far-reaching consequence. He would not, he said, take any steps in Berlin which could be interpreted as bellicose or which might, even remotely, support charges that the United States was instigating war.

This decision, coupled with the Soviet blocking of all the railroad lines and autobahns into Berlin, left the United States in a position of moral superiority but practical embarrassment. It was at this juncture that the Air Force conceived and urged the idea of the air lift to Berlin. The lift provided us with a completely legal way out of our dilemma, at least

temporarily. The three Western powers immediately got the lift working and quickly began to strengthen it.

No one who has seen the lift can fail to admire the organizing genius and courage that went into it. Two-motored C-47s (later replaced by four-motored C-54s) began to land every three minutes, day and night, at the Tempelhof Airdrome in Berlin. The loading operations at Frankfurt and Wiesbaden, and the unloading at Berlin, were handled quickly and efficiently. Flying arrangements and maintenance work were handled by experts who had got their experience flying supplies "over the hump" into China. At the beginning of the operation, some pilots had to work around the clock; but later, as more men became available, they were able to taper off to two short hops every 24 hours. Special landing arrangements for bad weather, of which there was a great deal in the early period of the lift, permitted a squadron of planes to land at one time. They would come down one after another in the center of Tempelhof and then move out at angles of ten degrees, like spokes on a wheel, in order to eliminate collisions.

The air lift evoked a tremendous amount of pro-American and pro-British feeling in Germany, and a corresponding increase in hatred of the Russians. It also provided us with a respite, with time in which we could negotiate. However, it was not a permanent solution. To supply our sectors of Berlin adequately, some 16,000 tons of coal, food and clothing

a day are required. The air lift moved quickly to 3000 tons a day, and later to 4000. As this is written, the record for a single day's delivery is 7000 tons. There is not much prospect that we will be able to lift that figure to 16,000. Our own forces in the city can be supplied permanently, especially since their dependents have begun to leave, but the Germans in our areas have already begun to feel the pinch.

For the United States and Britain to send in more planes in support of the air lift would be a highly dangerous gamble. The fact is that any transport air fleet that we maintain in Germany must be regarded as expendable if war breaks out.

The Russians have 2000 to 4000 fighters, many of them jets, in their area of Germany. To protect our air lift, at least in its initial phases, General Curtis LeMay had only two groups of obsolescent P-47s, thirteen jet fighters and three groups of B-29 bombers.

The Russians surely knew this. They must have known that, if they were willing to risk war, they could have smashed the air lift in twenty minutes, coincidentally wiping out a sizable portion of the Anglo-American air transport fleets. In addition, the Russians had in their numerous fighters a powerful screen against the relatively small American bomber force in England and Germany.

This writer, in a brief conversation with General LeMay (who has since been replaced in Europe by General John K. Cannon) last summer, ex-

pressed surprise at the weakness of our available air fighting fleet. The general agreed tacitly, and commented that the fault lay with the American people, who had insisted on a quick demobilization after the war. However, he said that our air power in Europe would be built up steadily, and that in the meantime the air lift was providing good training for our pilots and crews.

Along the air corridor to Berlin, one could easily study the Soviet air strength. From American planes, flying carefully within the twenty-mile-wide air route, one could see airfields jammed with Soviet jet fighters and huge tank "parks" with oil tanks being moved about. Anti-aircraft gun emplacements were visible to the naked eye. One afternoon this writer flew with General Clay and Ambassador Robert Murphy, his political advisor, down the corridor from Berlin to Frankfurt. It was such a quiet trip that I slept most of the way. The next day, however, Soviet jet fighters buzzed the corridor around the American sector in Berlin.

III

Even before the air lift got under way it became obvious that an impasse was shaping up, that an atmosphere of tension was being generated in Berlin which might easily lead to war. The British became seriously concerned about this danger last spring. Their natural desire to avoid war was reinforced by the knowledge that England, which we have come to regard

as a potential "island aircraft carrier," could have its civilization destroyed in a new war. Americans often tend to think of a possible war with the Soviet Union as a long-term affair, in which our atomic weapons and superior industrial power would eventually decide the issue. But Europeans, including the British, are aware that in a war with Russia the first stage might be Soviet occupation of all Western Europe. Most Europeans doubt that their culture could survive such an occupation, even if the United States ultimately won the war.

For this reason the British, Socialists and Conservatives alike, insisted on diplomatic conversations to keep the way open for a peaceful solution of the Berlin situation. Malcolm McMillan, who may well be the next leader of the Conservative party, pressed this point of view on Gardner Cowles. Cowles, the publisher of *Look* magazine and the co-owner of a string of midwestern newspapers, agreed with McMillan, and wrote a widely circulated newspaper article advocating the talks.

President Truman and his advisors were originally reluctant to become involved in a formal conference with Russia until they had some idea of what the basis of discussion could be; they were afraid of being forced into another Munich. However, as the pressure for a conference became greater Generals Smith and Clay were called to Washington to talk to the President. Lewis Douglas, the Ameri-

can Ambassador to the Court of St. James, was meanwhile active in London and Berlin, laying the groundwork for a conference. After a vast amount of preparation the talks finally opened in Moscow on the thirty-first of July.

Shortly after the talks began, a wild rumor came out of Moscow. It was said that Marshal Stalin, in the course of his first conversation with the Western representatives, said: "I am ready for war. When are you going to get out of Berlin?" The story was probably false. But the talks proved as fruitless as they would have been if it had been true. Precisely nothing was accomplished. Eventually, we were forced to break off the talks and bring the dispute before the United Nations.

IV

In the Western capitals early last spring it was foreseen that the summer and fall of 1948 would be a critical period. It was calculated that the Marshall Plan would be in full swing by November or December. ECA assistance would strengthen friendly European countries, and its disrupting effects would very possibly be felt by the Soviet satellites in Eastern Europe. Moreover, the armed strength of the world's greatest industrial power was beginning to grow to the point where it would be capable of checking any Soviet military designs. For all these reasons, we could not rule out the possibility that Soviet leaders would feel the time had ar-

rived, early in the fall, to use their superior armed power.

We have seen that the Russians are immensely stronger than we are in the air. But this would not be a deciding consideration for the Politburo: as General Carl Spaatz, retired Chief of the Air Force, asserted in a recent magazine article, the Russians have not learned to think first in terms of air power. Stalin himself always asked Roosevelt, Churchill and their aides during the war: "How many divisions have you?" And it is here that the real Soviet superiority lies at present. Russia now has 200 divisions in Europe. The United States has one — the First Infantry, stationed in Germany. The situation must constitute an enormous temptation for the Politburo.

Unconfirmed reports coming out of Finland and other countries adjacent to the USSR this summer had it that the Politburo was indeed split over whether to go to war. The accuracy of these reports could not be thoroughly checked. It is always difficult to estimate the motives of Soviet conduct, for only two members of the Politburo — Stalin and Molotov — have ever been outside the Soviet Union or had much contact with the West.

It was clear enough, however, that Soviet pressure all over the world was strong and unrelenting. In Berlin and Vienna strong-arm methods were being used in an attempt to break up the local police forces and intimidate Western nationals. At the Danube

Conference Andrei Vishinsky, Soviet Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, brusquely dismissed all Western claims to equal traffic rights on the lower Danube. This conference also made it abundantly clear that, whatever eventually happened between Marshal Tito and the Kremlin, the Balkan dictator would almost certainly not move into the Western camp. In Finland, France and Italy the Communist Parties were stepping up their campaigns of agitation and violence. Territories adjacent to the USSR in the Near East, India and Burma were also beginning to feel the pressure.

Official American reports indicate that Soviet leaders have been subject to severe postwar pressures at home, that there has been mounting dissatisfaction among the people. There have been widespread desertions, not only among Russian teachers in New York City, but among Soviet officers all through Europe. The Kremlin's reaction to this has been distinctly disquieting. First, a series of sweeping purges has been hitting the Communist Parties all over the world — including the United States — with a new emphasis being placed on creating disciplined, ironclad formations that can be relied on for anything. Second, the Kremlin has begun calling its nationals home. From all over the world Soviet citizens are streaming back to the homeland in a mass exodus.

These policies, combined with the Soviet practice of squeezing American

officials and correspondents out of Moscow, usually under false charges of espionage, may indicate that the Kremlin is really girding for action.

Has the Soviet Union, then, been using the Berlin crisis only as an excuse for precipitating a general war? Stalin's intransigence during the Moscow conferences, his refusal to engage in any genuine bargaining, might seem to indicate an affirmative answer. But one profound military fact stands in the way of such an interpretation. The Soviet Union never had more than 350,000 troops in its zone of Germany. Western military experts have always felt that a force of this dimension could be halted at the Rhine, largely because of its communications difficulties, unless there was some vast build-up of troops behind it. Such a build-up would take the Soviet Army at least a month, according to their estimates. And so far, at least, there have been no signs that any such deployment of troops has taken place in Germany.

v

Even here, however, one cannot be certain. There remains the possibility that the Berlin mess was merely a blind to attract American attention to Europe, and that, if war is coming, the first blow would be delivered against American industrial production. We know that the Soviets have only a handful of medium bombers in their areas of Europe. There is considerable reason to believe that, at present, the main Soviet bomber

fleet is concentrated in Siberia — within striking distance of Alaska and Canada. General Spaatz has estimated that the Russians now have about 300 copies of our B-29 long-range bomber.

The next few months should tell the story. The Western powers' hopes for peace are based on the belief that, as the Marshall Plan restores some measure of strength to Western Europe, the Politburo will bow to the inevitable and agree to make a practical world-wide settlement of differences.

In the meantime it would be well for Americans to try to gain some insight into the nature of Soviet methods. The following story, whose complete authenticity I can vouch for, illustrates both the extent to which the Russians maintain security and their brazen forthrightness.

The Soviet government has never permitted Ambassador Smith to maintain his private plane in Russia. His plane has to be based in Berlin, and

before he can have it flown into Moscow he must get special permission from the Soviet authorities. When such permission is granted the Ambassador's plane, with its American Army crew, must carry a Soviet co-pilot and a Soviet radio operator. The Soviet co-pilot always insists that the plane fly "just off the deck," *i.e.*, low over the ground. The purpose is to prevent the American crew from seeing out over the Russian terrain for any great distance.

On one occasion the plane was flying into Moscow when the weather turned bad. The American pilot began to move the plane up in order to get out of the mist. To his horror, the Russian co-pilot pulled a revolver on him. The American radio operator, seated just behind the co-pilot, reached for his own gun only to find that he was already covered by the Russian radio operator, situated directly behind him. The plane stayed low, despite the bad weather.



THE INDEPENDENT VOTER AND MR. DEWEY

BY RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT

THERE are several kinds of independent voters. There are what might be called Republican Independents, who have affiliations with the Republican party but who will vote for a Democrat if the occasion warrants. Conversely, there are Democratic Independents, whose primary affiliations are with the Democratic party. And there are still others who have no noticeable affiliations with either party. But despite these and other distinctions, all independents have a fundamental attitude in common: they can never bring themselves to put "party regularity" above what they conceive to be the interest of the nation or of the state. On the whole, therefore, they are more interested in candidates and issues than in party success.

It is quite evident that if everybody acted in this independent manner a two-party system could not survive. In order to govern ourselves through parties it is necessary for us to have political structures manned by loyal

workers. So the enlightened independent never takes the view that party-line voting is wholly wrong. But he does make the claim *that the independent vote is just as important to the operation of our democracy as the party vote*. Wendell Willkie used to call the independent voter "the conscience of American politics"; and he never failed to point out that, in modern times, the independent holds the balance of power. The sum of the matter is that both kinds of voters are necessary. Without the party voter the independent would find himself in political chaos. Without the independent to check on him, the party voter would find himself ensnared in political corruption, bossism, and even tyranny.

During the last decade the independent has had difficult choices to make. In 1940 he had to choose between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie, with the former breaking a deep-seated American tradition by running for a third term. Most independents

RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT was coordinator of the pre-convention campaign to nominate Wendell Willkie in 1940, and later served as the candidate's personal representative. Four years later he broke with the Republican party, for reasons which he detailed in the October 1944 MERCURY, in "Why I Cannot Vote for Dewey." He was formerly chairman of the board of editors of Fortune magazine and chief editorial writer for Life. Now, after an interval with the Columbia Broadcasting System, he is again associated with those publications.

stayed with Roosevelt in that year, but there is good evidence — of which the White House itself was aware — that by 1944 a very large number were ready to switch. They felt that three terms were enough and that a change of administration would be desirable. At that particular juncture, however, the Republicans chose Thomas E. Dewey as their candidate, a man who has never been popular with independents. Perhaps “chose” is the wrong word. At Chicago in 1944 the Republican party was the victim of a political blitz, which resulted in Mr. Dewey’s nomination on the first ballot by 1056 (to 1) delegates; who discovered, after it was too late, that they had been bluffed and cajoled into a fatal error by one of the greatest masters of political manipulation this country has ever known.

I became an independent in that year because, like so many others, I could not accept Mr. Dewey in the particular circumstances prevailing at that time. I crossed the Republican party line and voted for Mr. Roosevelt.

This year, it seems to me, the independent voter has an even harder choice. The Republicans have again offered us Mr. Dewey. And the Democrats have offered, not Mr. Roosevelt, but Mr. Truman. Frankly, I cannot think of a more discouraging way to spend an evening than to debate the merits of these two candidates. Neither of them represents the things that millions of us have been hoping and fighting for over the past

decade. They represent merely internal political situations within their respective parties. As a cheerful friend of mine said the other day, the only good thing is that *both* can’t be elected.

Nevertheless, I am strongly of the conviction that the conscientious independent who has the interests of his country at heart cannot duck this dismal debate. Many, I know, are planning to throw away their votes, as a kind of protest, on Norman Thomas or even on Henry Wallace. To do this, I believe, is to shirk our duty. The independent voter has a certain privilege — freedom from party dictation. But in return for this he has an obligation to act as a political conscience. And he cannot fulfill this latter rôle by throwing away his vote. On the contrary, it is just at this time, when the parties themselves have failed to live up to their responsibilities, that the independent must face his own. The present article represents my personal effort to follow that unwelcome course.

II

My objections to Mr. Dewey, which I have voiced in print and on the air, are fairly well known. They boil down to the fact that, when it comes to political advantage, almost anything goes — and I won’t say “anything” because I believe he is fundamentally an honest citizen. His trouble is that he wants power too much. And since this love of power is coupled

with a positive genius for organization and the manipulation of human beings, I have never been able to look with equanimity upon Mr. Dewey in democratic office. Those who have in any way obstructed or retarded his march to power will bear me out. His control of the Republican party in New York state is as absolute as that of any dictator, the only difference being that he works through democratic channels. The New York Legislature, for example, is technically a democratic body, but you can't even run for it on the Republican ticket unless you are *persona grata* with Caesar. And after you get into it, you are there to do Caesar's will: a fact which was quite satisfactorily demonstrated when it came time for the Legislature to vote on the Coudert (Superintendent of Schools) Bill in 1944. In that showdown, the illustrious representatives of the people of New York hid themselves in the toilet and under their desks to avoid voting as Mr. Dewey insisted; but they were routed out by the Sergeant-at-Arms — and they voted his way.

So except for the fact that I incurred the enmity of the most powerful man in the United States, I do not regret having voted against Mr. Dewey in 1944. And I say this even in the somewhat flickering light of the Truman administration. From the point of view of a rather battle-scarred independent, it doesn't appear to me that Mr. Truman's administration has been so bad.

Mr. Truman inherited his job

under the worst possible circumstances. As I understand it, he had asked, as Vice-President, to attend cabinet meetings in order to keep himself abreast of affairs, but had been brushed off by "The Chief." Anyway, when he arrived in Potsdam he was ignorant of U. S. commitments; and if Jimmy Byrnes knew more, it was still not enough. Yet from this unpromising start Mr. Truman (with the help of some far-sighted Republicans) has managed to hammer out what passes pretty well for a foreign policy. He has changed our policy toward Russia from one of misty acquiescence to something firm enough to rally the peoples of Europe to the democratic side. He has stopped the Russians in Greece. His Secretary of State, George Marshall, proposed, and is carrying through, the radical Marshall Plan, unique in history, by which the United States is undertaking to revive the democratic world. As a result, Europe has been brought together, and the project of European Union can at least be talked about seriously. Harry Truman has made some bitter mistakes in foreign policy, notably in China and in Palestine (although, in the latter, Mr. Dewey is by no means unimplicated). But there can be no question about his acceptance of American world responsibility. He has launched the United States upon a world policy that has no parallel in our history, and few in the history of the earth.

In domestic affairs, the record of

the Truman Administration is no worse. We have all been expecting a crash, which, for all I know, may have started by the time this article appears. Nevertheless, up to the present writing, there has been no crash, but rather a wonderful boom. Wages and corporate profits are both at the highest levels in history. So is employment — and there is only a relative handful of unemployed. Not only has the budget been balanced, we have actually paid a little back on our towering debt. But in doing this we have not shirked our responsibilities: we have begun training an army, have maintained a big navy, and have launched a new defense program. If prices are high, this is partly because there is more money in the country than we ever heard of before. Besides, we have lowered taxes at the very time when we should be curtailing consumer demand — a move forced by the Republicans over Harry Truman's veto.

Few will argue that all this has been brought about by the brilliance of Mr. Truman's leadership. He is manifestly a well-intentioned man; he has a conscience, and in certain situations, notably in the civil-rights fight within his own party, he has displayed great courage. But he has failed to inspire the people with confidence in himself or in his party. His administration is confused, his pronouncements muddled. One has the feeling that he is out of time and out of place; that he is surviving, so to speak, on the tremendous momentum built up by

this country during the war. In a technical political sense, he can *claim* much success, both at home and abroad; but his claim will not convince many that he has earned it. And it will convince even fewer that his administration will be able to develop a leadership, apart from the war momentum, capable of shaping the destiny of our country in the exceedingly difficult times that we face.

Many independents will be tempted to vote for Mr. Truman, on the theory that he will do less violence to the principles in which they believe than Mr. Dewey. They will see the present election as a choice between evils. And they will decide that Mr. Truman's well-intentioned incompetence is a lesser evil than Mr. Dewey's exceedingly competent love of power. In this they may be right. But according to my calculations the equation does not work out that way. Having consulted my conscience for the past several months, I find myself confronted with the necessity of voting for Mr. Dewey. And, briefly, here is why.

III

History, apparently, has two fundamental manifestations — the Yin and the Yang of the ancient Chinese — the pause-and-return so brilliantly expounded by Arnold Toynbee in his *Study of History*. An explanation of this twofold principle would lead rather far afield, though it is scarcely more mysterious than other organic rhythms that manifest themselves

wherever there is life. In any case, it seems to me that Mr. Toynbee and others have amply demonstrated its existence, so far as major cycles are concerned; and I would argue further, that manifestations, or echoes, of it are observable in lesser cycles. I suggest, for example, that it is possible to discern, in the history of nations, an alternation between two poles, which might be described as the pole of policy-formation, on the one hand, and the pole of consolidation-of-policy, on the other. The rhythm of this alternation is by no means fixed, but the "wave-length" is small enough for us to observe it in terms of political elections.

The period of policy-formation is the outgoing period, the Yang, when the nation is reaching for new concepts, new ideals, the acceptance of new objectives and obligations; and in such a period leadership of a special type is required. The policy-formation leaders must be men able to make far-reaching decisions, make them with conviction, and make them at a political risk. Such were Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie; such was Woodrow Wilson; such was Abraham Lincoln — to mention only obvious examples with no thought of comparison.

But in a period of consolidation-of-policy a different sort of leader is required. Of course, the "consolidation" leaders do have to concern themselves with policy, for human events are never as clear-cut as philosophers would make them ap-

pear; and the policy leaders have to concern themselves with action, often to the point of making war. But the consolidators are not called upon for *radical* policies that change the course of history: they come to power with the course of history already changed, and they are able to spend all their energies and political resources upon the development and the perfecting of their inheritance. They must, therefore, above all things be good administrators, with a sense of order and a talent for detail. Their primary task is to achieve stability on a foundation that has already been laid.

We have just come through a violent period of policy formation. From the turbulent events of the past fifteen years, one might cite any number of examples; but as a single illustration, take the growth of the idea of social security. When this innovation was proposed by Mr. Roosevelt, the opposition cried out in alarm. Government protection of this kind, it was argued, was a threat to the enterprise system, a denial of "the American way of life." Very quickly, however, this line had to be abandoned. There are undoubtedly many persons of power who still oppose social security, but the cold political fact is that they have never been able to find a leader. Messrs. Landon, Willkie and Dewey successively committed themselves to it. Just before his death Mr. Willkie went so far as to show that social security is not inimical but *indispensable* to private enterprise (and he

was working on a radical improvement of the present system); while in the campaign of 1944 Mr. Dewey virtually outbid Mr. Roosevelt on the issue. Cynics may say that Mr. Dewey's espousal of social security has its roots in the popular polls, which show an overwhelming majority of the people in favor of it. And I would tend to agree with them. Yet the point is, precisely, that the American people have now accepted this formerly radical innovation and that no man who opposes it can hope to be elected to office.

What then is the position of the Republican party? It must accept social security; but since it cannot claim the *formation of the policy* it must rest its case upon the promise of a *better administration* of it. In short, with regard to this doctrine, the period of radical policy-formation has been accomplished. It has, however, been accomplished very imperfectly, as anyone familiar with the present legislation must agree. There remains, therefore, the task of perfecting the rough-hewn idea: the phase of consolidation.

Now the recent period of policy-formation was divided into two parts. The first, typified by the enactment of social security and allied measures, had to do primarily with domestic affairs. The second, which began clearly to manifest itself about 1938, had to do almost exclusively with foreign affairs. By 1938 most of the New Deal "reforms" had been enacted, however imper-

fectly. There remained, however, the necessity of orienting the United States to the world. This is what was at stake in 1944. The reason so many independents voted for Mr. Roosevelt in that year was not that we had unlimited confidence in his administration; on the contrary, as many of us sought to make clear, we had serious criticisms of it. But it seemed to us that there was a job to be done in policy-formation, for which Mr. Dewey was ill-equipped, but which on the other hand Mr. Roosevelt had already begun, though he had not yet finished it. The question was whether the United States was going to change its attitude toward the world, and change it radically, from the defensive policy of seeking safety behind our own shores, to a more aggressive policy of seeking safety through the support and maintenance — whether economic or military — of democratic powers and the friends of democratic powers.

In this regard it is necessary to remember how far the United States has come in how few years. In 1940 there was a real question whether the American people would be able to recognize the wider implications of the new world, into which their own technology had done so much to plunge them. This question was so acute that the Roosevelt administration itself, which had at last awakened to the reality, proceeded with a caution that exposed the whole democratic world to disaster. Even by 1944 the new policy had not really jelled.

It was still not known, for example, whether the American people would actually join a United Nations organization, or would shy away from this, as they had from the ill-starred League; and this political doubt is reflected in the existence today of the veto power within the present UN, *upon which the American representatives insisted* for fear of the U. S. Senate.

In short, we are today committed to the new world policy only because in 1944 we elected an administration that was committed to the *formation* of that policy. This is not to say that that election solved any of our problems in foreign affairs. On the contrary, it created a host of new ones, few of which — it would now appear — Mr. Roosevelt himself knew how to solve. We have yet to develop constructive policies for Russia, for Germany, for Palestine, for China, and so forth. Yet these more specific questions had to await the determination of our fundamental attitude, from which all future solutions would of necessity flow. And this is precisely what *was* determined in the policy-forming election of 1944.

IV

Harry Truman deserves the gratitude of his countrymen for his grasp of what was won in 1944 and his not wholly unsuccessful efforts to implement that fundamental policy. Mr. Truman has not wavered; and largely owing to this fact the new world policy has been safely launched. A

return to the isolationist formula would now be unthinkable. Yet it seems to me that Mr. Truman does not altogether understand the nature of the task that now lies ahead. The truth is, that the days of policy-formation are over, and the need now is for the realization, the actualization of what has thus far been only dreamed. In 1944 it was essential that we understand the dream; today, unless we are to lose the dream, it is just as urgent that we begin to carry it out. What we need now is less poetry and more fact, less emotion and more managerial ability. We must enter into — relatively speaking — the *humdrum* business of making the clock go which was so exciting to invent. For if we are not willing, for a time, to accept the humdrum, the clock might better not have been invented, since it was very costly, not only in dollars but in lives.

If this thesis is correct, I find it necessary to vote for Mr. Dewey. To one who has been identified all along with the exciting business of policy-formation, the decision comes hard. Not only has Mr. Dewey failed to fight for many of the goals that were at stake in the policy-formation period, he seems to represent the antithesis of some of them. His election will indeed be a *pause*, in the Toynbeeian sense, in the evolution of the American ideal. Nevertheless, I recommend it.

My recommendation is not based, be it noted, upon policy considerations. Any such attempt would be

dishonest, for the simple reason that Mr. Dewey has never been capable of originating policy. In this connection, one of his weaknesses turns out, at this particular juncture, to be an asset — namely, his reliance upon popular polls. Judging by the record, Mr. Dewey's policies, as President, will follow very closely what the people themselves believe; and I feel fairly well convinced that his love of power — if nothing else — will cause him to continue in this course. In short, I believe that the gains made in the past fifteen years will be relatively safe in his hands, provided that the American people truly want to retain them. I do not think that Mr. Dewey will fall under the spell of the so-called "reactionaries," unless the reactionaries outnumber the moderates and liberals, which, at present, they do not. The same principle may be applied, I believe, to foreign policy. So long as the American people believe in the world attitude that was established in the election of 1944, Mr. Dewey, I suspect, will be happy to implement it.

If, then, these policy lines can be made to hold, I can see certain advantages to be derived from a Dewey administration which could not be hoped for from a Truman administration. Mr. Dewey has a genius for detail, a love of efficiency, and a kind of catlike balance that has enabled him to retain his seat in what has been a very rocky boat. In addition, it is well to remember that he has been running for President for about ten

years, and has in the course of that long time met or indirectly contacted virtually every person of political importance in his party. He knows where they are, what they want, what they think, what they are good for — and in many instances, how to control them. In addition, I submit that the Republican party is today a better integrated party, more capable of intelligent government, than the Democratic.

This may not be very inspiring, but at the end of a turbulent period of policy-formation it can be useful to the American people. The hesitations of the Truman administration, piled on top of the convolutions of the Roosevelt administration, have made a shambles of our government on the administrative side. Uncertainty and confusion are everywhere entrenched, at the taxpayers' expense. I do not think that Mr. Dewey's government will be much smaller than Mr. Truman's, and I am willing to bet that it will concentrate power far more than Mr. Roosevelt's: but, owing to his special abilities, there is a realistic hope that it will be more definite and better able to account for itself. The housecleaning will be a tremendous job. But if it is carried out intelligently it can result in *clarifications* that will very much benefit the American people and strengthen their policies, both at home and abroad.

That, at any rate, is the way the equation comes out for me.

Before assenting to this line of argument, the independent will want to

know whether it entails the surrender of those principles for which we have fought in the past — principles having to do not only with America's relationship to the world, but with the realization here in our own land of what may be called a capitalistic liberalism. This article is not the place to attempt a recapitulation of those principles, and probably we would not all agree concerning them. But in any case, it is not my view that the support of Mr. Dewey this year entails a surrender. My position is based simply upon a comparison between Mr. Dewey and Mr. Truman, and does not represent any resolution of the differences that have separated me from the Governor in the past. For my part, the fight for the principles in which I believe will go on, whoever occupies the White House.

In fact, if Mr. Dewey is elected, increasing efforts will be needed on the part of the independents for the assertion of their beliefs. The very fact that the Dewey administration will be sensitive to popular polls, will place on us a new responsibility for the leadership of public opinion. If we now subside into a careless attitude it could well happen that the great gains of the past fifteen years, foreign as well as domestic, will be lost. These gains, I believe, can be maintained, but only if we exert a continuing pressure upon the government on behalf of our ideals. To this end, I feel sure, many farsighted leaders in both the political parties will welcome independent support — and will in-

deed very much need it if they are in any way going to oppose the Dewey machine. A great number of non-political organizations exist, for the purpose of advancing in one way or another the principles of international community. Independents should now redouble their efforts for those organizations, and should in other ways assert their beliefs.

V

Finally, I feel sure that millions of independents will want to enter a protest against the kind of internal politics now being practiced by the major political parties, which has increasingly resulted in the nomination of "practical" politicians rather than men of principle. The independent resents being offered a choice between evils: in effect, this deprives him of the franchise because it deprives him of the opportunity to give expression to anything he believes in. It is the proper business of a political party to provide the voters with positive principles and with candidates who represent them. As Wendell Willkie pointed out again and again, in the ill-starred Wisconsin campaign of 1944, a party that fails to do this cannot long survive.

The low political level to which the parties have sunk is precisely what tempts independents to throw away their votes on impossible candidates, such as Thomas or Wallace. As I have already said, I believe this is a misconstruction of our duties. Nevertheless, some kind of protest ought to

be made. As a substitute for the wasting of our votes, I suggest that an extra-party organization might be formed, for the purpose of forcing the major parties to adopt standards more worthy of the real American tradition. Such an organization could declare itself ahead of time, not in terms of candidates, but in terms of the political standards that the candidates should meet; and as a non-

partisan body, could throw its support to whatever candidate came closest to those standards. It seems to me that the possibilities along this line ought, at least, to be explored. The merit of the idea is that it would provide the independent with an opportunity to express his principles in a positive, rather than in a merely negative way, and thus justify his independence of party discipline.

BENVENUTO

BY DAVID MORTON

He narrowed, now and then,
The wayward eye,
To pinpoint of intent;
Called home the roistering will;
Withdrew from hilt the hand
For other use — gave all
To skill:

To that fanatical
Drunk devotion,
Gave . . . Forgot the taverns,
The women, the forays;
God's man, forsaken, then,
Forsaking, given over
To heaven and hell and image,
For his six days . . .

And on the seventh, rested —
With blades, or the full-breasted.

THE MISERABLE MALE

BY EDITH M. STERN

WOMAN is a subject that has been with us for a long time, yet recently an incredible amount of verbiage has been devoted to her and her dilemmas. *Ad nauseam*, in books and magazine articles, from the lecture platform and at conferences, there have been more or less long-winded discussions on her frustrations and conflicts in modern life. Through all this verbiage, however elaborately the woes of the unfortunate creature are described, whether she is pictured as having too much or too little to do, certain common assumptions seem to recur. Modern woman has great difficulty in being herself. Conditions of present-day living war with her biological nature. The difficulty of reconciling instinctual and cultural factors renders her lost, neurotic, psychotic, alcoholic or just plain restless and bored.

As one of these much-pitied wretches I feel it is high time that some sympathy also be extended to the other half of humanity. After all, modern man in his own way is just as basically biological as modern woman and yet, poor devil, what an un-

natural, psychologically ruinous life he has to lead. Small wonder that there are more men who commit suicide than women, that males outnumber females as mental hospital patients and that the incidence of the nervous symptom, stuttering, is at least five times greater among men and boys than among women and girls.

Pugnacity, for instance, is certainly an innate male characteristic, yet very soon the small boy must learn to restrain it. True, for a while Daddy and usually Mom, too, consider it a fine sign of normality and masculinity for Junior to wallop other lads on the block but in all respectable strata of our society by the time he reaches maturity he is expected to repress the aggressive instinct he has in common with other male animals. Against his boss' indignities, for example, under our nature-distorting customs, no swift kick is permissible. When his wife's tirades become unbearable he pulls the covers over his ears or retires behind the newspaper — sorry, inhibited substitutes for a slap in the face, and consequently

EDITH M. STERN is a writer and lecturer in the fields of psychiatry and social welfare. Her many books include *Men Are Clumsy Lovers*, *Mental Illness: A Guide for the Family*, and *The Housemother's Guide*. She is the director of the *American Epilepsy League*.

the genesis of many a stomach ulcer, that typically male disorder.

Likewise modern man, except perhaps for a few sweet vacation weeks a year, is frustrated in his normal, primitive rôle as the Hunter. To spear a wild animal and lay it at the beloved's feet is a far cry from handing over the weekly pay envelope, procured, not through stalking cleanlimbed and swift over the hills, but by hunching over a desk or making repetitive monotonous movements at the assembly line. Man has made pathetic attempts to find substitute satisfactions for his emotional and physical need to hunt by such emasculated, artificial performances as chasing a golf ball about the links; but how maladjusted the frustrated hunter remains is evidenced by a curious perversion of his natural impulse. Thoroughly thwarted by civilization, he sinks to a biologically subnormal point where he is unable to hunt for anything, such as a mislaid fountain pen or checkbook or a pair of sneakers or his dress studs, and modern woman, nervously upset and disorganized as she may be, has to take over.

II

But perhaps what runs most cruelly and disturbingly counter to man's real nature is the institution of marriage, for alone among all male mammals he is expected to stand by, to love and to cherish, as a lifelong concomitant of fulfilling his quickly aroused and quickly satisfied sexual urges. A raging, albeit often uncon-

scious conflict arises when man's natural proclivity to be footloose and free, promiscuous and irresponsible, is checked by society's demand that he come home in time for dinner, live surrounded by squalling, untidy human young and preserve at least the appearance of monogamy. Since writers on the disastrous consequences of women working outside the home never let us forget that it is biologically natural for females to stay close by their young, let us, along the same line of reasoning, recognize that prolonged paternal responsibility is just as biologically unnatural. Matrimony is a mere cultural superimposition. Its effect upon man is evident in any psychiatrist's office, any divorce court.

Also, discussions of woman's plight emphasize the profound effect her reproductive system and her endocrine glands have upon her psychology, with the corollary that no solution of her various dilemmas can be valid unless it is based on these, rather than on some extraneous little thing like her brain. For once let us be equally fundamental in our attitude towards men. Let us recognize that they, too, are emotionally fashioned by their reproductive system and their endocrine glands. If then, home, marriage and children are the answer for women, they cannot be for men. Incidental benefits of marriage are available outside wedlock; sex is man's for the asking and bed and board for the buying. The institution of marriage, in short, has much more to offer women than men. Its bondage

is a violation of elemental maleness, no more psychically comfortable than the more publicized conflict of careerism with elemental femaleness.

Formerly, however ill-adjusted a man may have been to the matrimonial set-up, he had one great bolster to his sense of virility. If the marriage turned out to be childless, it was the woman's fault. And as long as he remained potent, he felt no biological frustration. Today too often modern medicine and the laboratory cruelly shatter the lusty self-assurance indigenous to men and roosters alike by demonstrating that it may be the husband, not the wife, who is sterile. Here, again, civilization and its technological refinements destroy the satisfaction of the male need, dating back to the Garden of Eden, to put blame on the female. Modern man is scientifically unable even to condemn his wife for producing half a dozen girls and no male child. The ill effects of such frustration, especially when combined with the frustration of realizing that from his loins can come no little prototypes of his magnificent self, can be as devastating as the conflicts and maladjustments which ensue when women, who, we are told, find their greatest happiness in living through others, achieve some self-expression on their own.

III

Adding to his emotional discomfort is man's sense of insecurity, of displacement, in his home. Most family-occupied houses and apartments exude

such a spirit of femininity that the male feels as ill at ease in them as a woman would feel in the men's room of a Pullman. Peach taffeta curtains and satin coverlets in the bedroom that is supposed to be His and Hers render it far more hers than his. Fragile ornaments strewn on almost as fragile little tables inhibit the passage of big feet. Of the four shelves of the conjugal medicine closet, three and three quarters are usually taken up with an assortment of feminine creams, powders and lotions. About the only place in his own home a man can feel he really belongs is in the basement or the garage.

Even at table, a male's needs are not met. Though he is naturally carnivorous and, like his dog, craves a diet of red meat exclusively, he is regularly confronted with such unsatisfying fare as greens, fruits and gooey messes of marshmallow, whipped cream, mayonnaise or gelatin.

Unhappy modern man is often as frustrated in his gainful occupation as in his home. The necessity to support wife and children may trap him, early in life, into work he loathes and continued necessity keep him at it. For every suffering woman, neurotic because she has a career and would rather have a home and children, or because she is tied down by home and children and wants a career, or because she has both and cracks under the double burden, there is a miserable man, neurotic simply because he does what he does. There are editors who wish they were writers, business

men who wish they were lawyers, and accountants who wish they were doctors. There are successful writers who wish they could write as they please and to hell with the mortgage payments, successful lawyers who writhe under the bootlicking they must give clients, and successful doctors who wish they could devote themselves to laboratory work instead of catering to hypochondriacal rich women. There are, also, that large number of males who fancy they could live easily and happily on a sailboat, doing odd jobs to supply their modest food and clothing needs, but with families to support dare not renounce their present executive positions. Finally there is a great category of men not especially unhappy in the particular kind of work they do, but worn down by the inexorability of having to make the 8:15 every day, punching a time clock, or packing and unpacking in a monotonous succession of hotel rooms in a monotonous succession of towns.

From the dissatisfactions of their work lives, men seek escape. Many congregate at bars. Some putter about their gardens, regardless of the incongruity that among primitives agriculture is women's work. Some try to forget the drabness of their days by burying themselves in detective stories, precisely as bored and virtuous housewives relish the carryings-on of hussies in period costumes. Great numbers of men band together as Elks, Kiwanians and Rotarians, to yawn through luncheon speeches or

disport themselves in fantastic costumes. Such vapid attempts to fill their empty lives parallel those of the emotionally unsatisfied women whose club activities have been the objects of both pity and ridicule.

One apparently minor, but really quite fundamental thwarting of man's true self is the drabness of modern man's dress. Alone among all animals, his is not the more gorgeous of the sexes. Today what the peacock can do for himself, by spreading his tail, man — except in Hollywood or by way of ties — can achieve only vicariously, by furnishing the cash wherewithal for his wife or mistress to adorn herself. This is obviously such a weak, indirect means of expression for a strong basic male instinct to preen that it is as psychologically unsatisfying as many of those conversions of instinct for which women get deep sympathy — keeping a canary in lieu of having children, for instance.

Furthermore, as insult added to injury, the clean-shaven appearance contemporarily considered desirable not only brings about the continual nuisance and irritation of shaving, more frequent if not so prolonged as women's sessions at the beauty parlor, but also deprives man of the pleasure of flaunting the hirsute adornments, which, whatever may be his other masculine deficiencies, at least evidence to the world that he is that glorious thing, a male. Whatever neuroses would be acquired by a pouter pigeon prevented from swell-

ing his chest, a rooster shorn of his cockscorn or a Beta fish without the opportunity to show his colors, are shared by close-cropped, beardless modern man.

IV

Not only does modern man suffer from many frustrations but also he has anxieties from which his ancestors were free. For the first time his status as a member of the dominant sex is jeopardized. The fact that wife-beating is no longer socially acceptable is only part of it. So is the widely deplored feminization of our culture; culture has been feminized before, as in the courts of the Louis', without affecting man's superior position.

More serious is man's loss of his formerly unchallengeable status as the more intelligent, wiser and better-educated of the two sexes. Whereas Mother used to listen with deference to Father's pronouncements on politics, if she listened at all, today she thinks nothing of cutting in on his declamations and riddling his arguments full of holes. Very likely Mother and Father met originally at a coed university where she got As and he Cs. On a lower intellectual level, a recent study of morons revealed that the typical male moron married a woman better educated than himself. All this, to a sex historically conditioned to being top dog mentally, is, to put it mildly, unsettling.

But the greatest threat to man's ages-old sense of superiority comes

from woman's increasing economic self sufficiency. For despite the handicap that women do not receive equal pay for equal work, many a charming and glamorous girl earns more than her male escort, and when he pays the dinner check both he and she know they are acting in a silly farce. Many a wife contributes more than half the family income although she does all the housework besides. Uncles and brothers no longer have to support the unmarried ladies in their families, and hence have no justification for issuing commands. Even teen-age daughters are getting more and more out of control because of the economic independence they achieve through baby-sitting. Slowly but certainly the check book that has replaced the caveman's club as a means of domination over women is slipping out of man's hands.

So great is his consequent anxiety over the business and professional ascent of modern woman that he is driven to irrational ways of trying to stay its course. He debars women from his professional clubs on such flimsy excuses as that an additional lavatory would have to be installed. He blocks a perfectly qualified woman's office promotion with the curious argument that because she is a woman she cannot do a job a less well qualified man can do. He refuses to let his Ph.D. wife go back to her laboratory or library to earn the money to pay a maid on the ground that it would put him in a humiliating position, and keeps her at household chores con-

sidered suitable for feeble-minded girls placed out by institutions. He sentimentalizes about the work of home-making and child-rearing which he will not undertake for as much as an hour at a time. He even deludes himself and his wife that her soggy cakes are infinitely more delicious than the masterpieces produced at the French bakery on the corner, not realizing his unconscious motivation for his preference; while she is baking, at least, she must stay at home and cannot be a wage earner. The illogic man directs against woman's invasion of his world is more a cause for pity

than for indignation. It is the reaction of someone in a state bordering on panic.

And a maladjusted, miserable state that is; a challenge to the psychiatrists so concerned over the maladjustments of women. There has been an unfair concentration of interest and attention on one sex and neglect of the other. For the way his problems have been overlooked; for the psychically devastating repressions of his masculine drives and instincts imposed by our civilization; for his frustrations and anxieties, my womanly heart goes out to miserable modern man.

PHRASE ORIGINS—39

TO DRUM UP BUSINESS: *This homely phrase, meaning to go out seeking business, survives in everyday usage despite the fact that the original metaphors from which it derives have long since disappeared. Most of us remember when traveling salesmen were called drummers, although they had no visible connection with drums. In pre-railroad days these drummers were peddlers who traveled with a pack on the back, or with a horse, out on the roads to sell wares from door to door. Most of us were probably perplexed by their name, and by the fact that they had to go out on the road to drum up business. A hint of the explanation can be found in George Borrow's *Romano Lavo-Lil*. Borrow, who had lived with the gypsies in both the British Isles and Spain, listed the word *drom* as the *Romany* (Wallachian) word for road in this book. Writing a little later (in 1874), C. G. Leland, in his *English Gypsies and Their Language*, cited *drum* or *drom* as a *Romany* word for road, and testified that it had already entered English slang, as a word for both highways and roadhouses. This identification of *drom* with *drum* was probably reinforced by the old British custom of using a drum for gathering people together in public, for the recruiting of military personnel, etc. At any rate, the phrase is now unmistakably to drum up business, and has become well established on the level of standard English usage.*

DAVID MAURER and EVERETT DEBAUN

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



CHARACTERS WITHOUT CHARACTER

IT IS more or less known that in the preparation of a novel Sinclair Lewis not only works out extended genealogical charts of his characters but further supplies himself with copious notes on their possibly inherited or acquired processes of thought and tastes in food, drink, ointments, underwear, if any, women, and what not else. The consequence is that, whatever opinion otherwise one may or may not have of the novels in their entirety, the characters in them with small exception stand as authentically revealed as if they had just stepped out of the bath. It is only on the occasions when he has chosen to neglect or forget his ample notes and records that, as in the case of a *Kingsblood Royal*, they have failed in complete conviction.

It is also more or less known that Eugene O'Neill goes even farther than Lewis and in the preparation of a play does not content himself merely with such genealogical charts, etc.,

but writes what amount to complete life histories of his characters, including their diseases since adolescent mumps and measles, their old girls, and the prison terms served by their great-great-grandfathers.

It is on the other hand the mark of most of our playwrights, and especially of the newer and younger ones who have been selected for the critics' particular enthusiasm, that they seem to know so little of their characters beyond the purely superficial that the latter expose themselves as no more than paper figures cut out with dull, if occasionally polished, scissors. The result is a parade of characters often scarcely more material than those of musical comedy and operetta. As in those forms of entertainment, they appear to have been born coincidentally with their first entrances; there is nothing behind them; we are told simply who and what they are and are asked to accept total strangers as intimate acquaintances. They are, in brief, so many antecedentless Topsy maneuvered by plainly visible strings.

One of the most palpable of these strings is so-called type casting, the resort of playwrights who, unable to achieve character internally, seek to mask their inability with ready-made externals. First impressions are handily substituted for final impressions. Hazlitt's philosophy of human beings is conveniently juggled out of sense in terms of actors. "First impressions," said he, "are often the truest. . . . A man's look is the work of years; it is stamped on his countenance by the events of his whole life. . . . There is . . . something in a person's appearance at first sight which we do not like and that gives us an odd twinge, but which is overlooked in a multiplicity of other circumstances, till the mask is taken off and we see this lurking character verified in the plainest manner in the sequel." An actor's face, good or evil, which is deemed pictorially appropriate to a rôle is thus made to take the place of inner character, and the lines in that face are made to pass muster for more searching and revelatory lines of dialogue. Instead of a living creature what we get is an articulate mummy, presently crumbling to dust.

Other illusory artifices are equally recognizable. A familiar one is the stratagem of establishing character not in and of itself but through the observations of others, that is, the interpretation of character by proxies. Another is recourse to the easy melodramatic formula of evolving character, or what is made to seem it, through action, which is to say, char-

acter in terms of extrinsic motivation. A third is a figure's description of and comment on himself, which may be defined as personal topography in terms of a travel folder. And still a fourth is the employment of a makeup box in lieu of an inkwell.

II

The three new, younger playwrights who have been most favored by the critics are Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller and Richard Harriety. That each has some virtues is to be allowed, but sound character drawing, at least in their plays up to the beginning of the present season, is scarcely one of them. Of the trio, Williams is most adept in the legerdmain of concealing his weakness and fooling the less perceptive into seeing things that are not there. His bag of tricks includes what may be described as a scrim treatment of character, that is, the hiding of any real delineation behind pseudo-poetical gauze which blurs his audience's vision. This, augmented with soft, off-stage music, cajoles an audience into imagining that it actually sees a character that is only vaguely suggested to it. What one is reminded of is the icing on the cardboard cakes which sidestreet merchants display in their shop windows: dummy pastries with plausible surfaces. The moment Williams leaves off such duplicity and tries his hand at more realistic character his shortcomings become apparent. What we then see is character in mere melodramatic outline, and painted in the

harsh crimson hues of drunkenness, lust, vindictiveness, acrimony, etc., or in the harshly contrasting lavender of hearts and flowers. When his aim is tragedy, what results is a threnody on a zither. When his aim is fanciful serio-comedy, what results largely suggests Saroyan in a second-hand Prince Albert.

There is, moreover, occasionally such confusion in Williams' character drawing that his characters seem individually from time to time to be different people at severe odds with themselves. An illustration is to be had in the instance of his heroine in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Motivated mainly from without rather than within, the figure is pulled this way and that according to the demands of the plot and becomes so psychologically, pathologically, and logically muddled that she gives the effect of three totally different women housed in the same body. The author's possible apology that the character is a case history derived from research is not dramatically extenuating. A case history has to be deftly fitted in with the characters who are not case histories. In this instance, it is merely paraded among them, with the parading now and then interrupted by some distracting flights of poesy and bits of melodrama. Even as an alleged case history, the character is wide open to psychiatric doubt. It is, for example, debatable that a woman revolted by the spectacle of homosexuality would find moral sanctuary in promiscuous commercial prostitution.

with its possible occasional departures from sexual normality, or that one of even her degree of mentality would seek real love through a purge of mud, or that her avid quest of illusion would impel her search into so absurdly antagonistic a channel. Her final insanity is surely a poor blanket to cover up any such patchwork, and her ultimate tragedy is an anti-climax.

Without such of Williams' camouflages as vibra-harp music and mauve rhetoric, Arthur Miller's characters have an even harder time operating toward plausibility. Except for some facile mystical ormolu in the portrait of the mother in *All My Sons*, which he relies upon to make an unbelievable character partly believable, he presents his characters in what he hopes are clearly realistic terms. These, however, lead him into some strange conceptions, as may be appreciated from a view of his protagonist in the play in point. This protagonist is announced to be a well-to-do industrialist in an American town, otherwise unidentified. A manufacturer of airplane parts, his factory is described as being something especially impressive. He is, in short, a figure in the community. Yet, while he has risen to that eminence, he is shown living in the surroundings of a poor working slave: a cheap, little frame house in the town's outskirts, no servant to help his ailing wife, food symbolized by a few boxes of store crackers, dowdy clothes not only for himself but for his spouse, a

small tenement-like back-yard, etc., and all with no hint of any frugality in his character which might explain things.

Richard Harrity, the third of the endorsed trio on the score, chiefly, of his short play, *Hope Is the Thing with Feathers*, indicates something of an aptitude for types, but the types incline much more toward vaudeville than toward authentic character. They are, in the play named, personified gags. They give the impression of a group of minstrels with Harrity as their interlocutor: vagabonds on park benches lacking only tambourines and bones. That they are amusing is to be granted, but they are amusing not as characters so much as well-handled performers.

In neither of his two other short plays, the sum of his produced work thus far, is there any increased evidence of ability in a character direction. The one called *Gone Tomorrow* offers only blurry photostats of the stereotyped characters in the lesser Irish comedy-drama; and the second, *Home Life of a Buffalo*, only copies of long stage-familiar vaudevillians.

III

That character, despite Aristotle's perplexities, is the most difficult achievement in dramatic composition need hardly be restated. Few of our contemporary native playwrights have proved themselves able to master it. Count off O'Neill, Kelly, van Druten, and maybe one or two others and you have called the roll. Some of the rest

have succeeded in dissembling the task and in beguiling audiences and even many of the critics into accepting the counterfeits as the real thing, but that they are merely haberdashers of dickeys who sell unsubstantial false-fronts for the complete shirt is plain to anyone who submits them to the test of a triplicate critical mirror.

Their feints then quickly betray themselves. Among these is, first, the sham of giving a hollow character some bulk by making him the repository of the playwright's independent sociological, political, theological, or merely amatory doctrines, which are frequently not only equally hollow but which are arbitrarily stuffed into him with a pile-driver, the sheer noise of which, like a riveting machine operating on a vacuum, rattles the auditor's head out of any sharp, analytical attention. Secondly, there is the fobbing off of manikins as characters of some depth by overloading them with rapid mechanical plot complications, often melodramatic, which bamboozle a dizzied audience into believing that the action proceeds from the characters instead of from the tricky playwright.

Thirdly, there is the device of attrition whereby a character nonentity is made to seem of some eventual size and importance by bringing him into conflict with other character nonentities who slowly grind themselves into a superlative nothingness, leaving him lord of the empty scene. Fourthly, there is what may be called the rebel ruse. This consists in lending

a character of obvious inconsequence an air of consequence by causing him to oppose the accepted comfortable thought of the moment, represented by the other characters, and carefully casting the rôle with an actor admired personally by the rank and file of theatregoers. And, fifthly, there is the snare of comedy interruption, which glosses over deficiencies in character plumbing and character appraisal with an intermittently laid on humor calculated to jostle criticism off the scent.

AUCTION SALE

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

Large and shining hopes,
Unrealized, chipped,
Shaken at the core
And slightly corroded
By divine indifference,
But still usable
In better homes —
What am I offered?

On this brass tray
An assortment of hearts,
Some broken, some stifled,
Or otherwise damaged,
And patched with tears,
But almost as good as new
In every other way —
Do I hear any bids?

And here a box of dreams,
A little sour and frigid;
Thin, gray thoughts and echoes
From a lost long ago;
But a fine, sturdy box,
Nice for children, young men,
And women of all ages
Twisted by love's bitterness —
Who will make the first offer?

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MEAT SITUATION

BY F. W. IMMASCHE

NATURE has started the ball rolling to give us more meat. The 3.5 billion bushel corn crop, lush pastures, and abundant feed supplies she is giving us this year will bring an increase in meat production. Our farmers and ranchers have been providing record numbers of livestock for slaughter the last few years. But with more feed in sight they will be able to do an even better job. Increased production and larger supplies of meat are in prospect.

But it takes time. It's a long, round-about process to produce a larger supply of meat. We're not producing rabbits. Nature, like the magician, can pull rabbits out of her hat and quickly give us record corn crops, huge wheat harvests, and a big cotton crop. But neither Nature nor our livestock producers and feeders can make rabbits out of cattle, hogs or sheep.

About three years are required from the time a cow is bred until her offspring becomes good-quality beef-steak on the dinner table. One year from breeding time is needed to get a

pork chop. Spring lamb is ready a little quicker, but much of the lamb supply is a year or more in production.

Nature does her work according to the seasons. Most of the calves, pigs and lambs are born in the spring. Many sows are bred to farrow a second litter of pigs in the fall, after the hot summer months but in time for the pigs to get a good start before winter. In certain warmer areas, young animals arrive in the fall just before the rainy season that makes the best pasture. Early spring lamb from California is produced this way. In certain other areas young animals are born nearly the year around, but those areas do not produce enough feed for a large portion of the nation's meat.

The bulk of our meat supply is obtained from animals produced or fattened in the Corn Belt, where winters are harsh and summers hot. Most of the hogs are raised and fed there. In the fall, when frost hits western ranges, several million cattle and lambs are moved into Corn Belt feedlots for finishing on grain. Much

COLONEL F. W. IMMASCHE was recently named Assistant Director of the Livestock Branch of the U. S. Agriculture Department's Production and Marketing Administration. Before the war in which he served five and one half years in the Air Force, he was an economist on the staff of the Farm Credit Administration. He holds an M.A. from the University of Chicago.

of our beef and lamb, beginning early next year, will be produced just that way.

More Feed, More Meat

Visualize 3.5 billion bushel baskets filled with little golden nuggets — yellow kernels of corn after they have been shelled off the cob. That is the forecast for this year's corn crop by the United States Department of Agriculture. It is a new record — more than a billion bushels above the crop last year.

Nature has outdone herself this year to bring bumper crops in nearly all sections of the country. The aggregate volume of all crops promises to surpass any previous record by a good margin. With granaries overflowing, farmers will feed livestock longer before marketing, and also breed for larger numbers. Meat supplies will be reduced at first. We must do with less before we can eat more.

Many cattle and hogs that would have moved to slaughter between now and the end of the year will be carried into next year for finishing on a new corn crop. But when they do come to market in early 1949 they will be heavier and yield more meat.

More sows and gilts will be bred this fall and winter to produce larger numbers of pigs next spring than last year, when corn supplies were short and corn prices high. A larger pig crop next spring means more hogs for market and more pork chops a year from now.

We Buy According to Income

Thus more pounds of meat are in the making. Meat may become the "bell-wether" in stabilizing prices. Increases in wages and salaries to compensate for higher costs of living have made consumer pocketbooks fatter. So far it has not been possible to increase meat production as rapidly as wage increases have been coming. Consequently, the higher wages and salaries have resulted in further advances in meat prices and in the cost of living.

The American people are demanding meat in quantities and quality never even dreamed of before. Our population totals about 17 million persons more than it did ten years ago, and it is increasing by about 2 million a year. Numbers employed are at a new peak. Weekly wages average more than twice what they did in the prosperous late 1920s. Personal incomes are climbing to new highs. Disposable income of consumers (personal income after payment of taxes) this year will total nearly three times the average for the five years preceding World War II.

Fewer families are in the low income brackets than in prewar years. More of our population has the money to buy the food items most desired — like meat. The situation on meat reminds us of what the Scotchman once said about the price of whisky: "Too damn high but worth twice the price." We are spending approximately 6.5 per cent of our disposable income this year for meat.

Such expenditures are on the high side, but not unique. Except for the two years immediately before the war, and for the period when meat prices were held down by price controls, our expenditures for meat ranged from 5.5 to 6.5 per cent of consumer incomes. During the period of price controls people actually spent more for meat than was indicated by reported prices. No one knows how much was spent in the black market.

We Are Eating More Meat

Meat prices are not at their record high levels because of any diminution in the supply. Throughout the war period, when so much was said about the shortage of meat and the difficulty of obtaining it, we were really consuming much more meat per person than before the war. Our annual consumption from 1935 to 1939 averaged 126 pounds per person; during the war years it never fell below 139 pounds. Last year we had 155 pounds — a 40-year record.

Meat supplies this year will average about 145 pounds per person — 73 pounds of beef and veal, 67 of pork and 5 of lamb and mutton. With more money and less meat available per person this year than last, we are paying higher prices. Stated another way, incomes average approximately \$1300 per person this year and we are spending \$85 for meat and getting 145 pounds. Before the war incomes averaged around \$500 and we spent \$30 for meat and got 126 pounds. We

are fortunate that we have 145 pounds this year compared to the prewar average of 126; otherwise meat prices would be even higher.

A Lesson in Economics

Meat prices illustrate probably better than any other farm product some of the basic principles of economics. Consumer boycotts have been making headlines, but buyer resistance is not new in the livestock and meat trade. With free interplay of supply and demand, consumers have always been the final arbiters of the level of meat prices. Meat is perishable, and the tonnages produced must be moved into consumption within a relatively short time after the animals are slaughtered. If asking prices are higher than consumers are willing to pay, supplies accumulate and prices must be lowered to a point where supplies again move freely.

When supplies are short, packers and wholesalers take the initiative in raising prices — testing the market so to speak. But if they cannot move the available supply into consumption at the prices asked, stocks back up and force readjustment in prices to fit the consumers' pocketbooks. Once livestock starts to market it must be kept moving into consumer channels.

Production Limited by Feed

High prices like those that have prevailed since the lifting of price con-

trols late in 1946 normally would have resulted in a larger production of meat before now. Feed, rather than prices, has been the problem, especially in hog raising. Farmers and ranchers have not had the feed to increase their herds and produce larger quantities of meat. All-out production of livestock during the war exhausted the accumulated stocks of feed grains. As a climax, the corn crop last year was very short — the smallest since the drought of 1936.

We have been consuming more cattle and lambs than have been produced. Cattlemen and sheepmen have been dipping into their breeding herds to supply the high level of meat consumption our people have been enjoying.

Cattle and Sheep Numbers Down

The number of cattle in the United States has declined from the wartime peak of over 85 million cattle and calves in 1945 to around 78 million at the beginning of this year. A record number were slaughtered last year — some 36 million head. Slaughter this year is expected to total about 33 million, but even this will reduce our cattle population further.

Before the downward trend in cattle numbers can be reversed and herds built up, annual slaughter of cattle and calves will have to be reduced to less than 31 million head for a few years. This will happen only when cattlemen feel enough confidence in

the future to hold back more cows and heifers for breeding. Beef supplies will be curtailed for a time, but the resulting larger cattle numbers will make possible more meat in the long run.

Stock sheep numbers have dropped from their record high of 50 million head in 1942 to around 30 million, and are now the smallest since the Civil War. Lamb and mutton constitute only a small part of our meat supply, and any increase in sheep production in the next few years will not materially affect our total supply.

An Increase in Hog Production Under Way

Cattle and sheep raising are more closely related to grass and forage resources than to the size of the corn crop, and year to year changes in production are gradual. Hog production, on the other hand, reflects changes in the size of the corn crop rather promptly. Corn is the principal feed for hogs, and not only is less time required to raise pork, but a sow produces as many as sixteen young a year. Some increase is likely in the pig crop this fall, and next spring's crop may be 20 to 25 per cent larger than the one this year. Hogs from next spring's crop will begin to arrive on the market in late 1949, and will give us our first substantial increase in meat supplies. The larger quantity of pork will more than offset any reduction in beef supplies resulting from the holding back of cows and heifers

to expand breeding herds. If we should have another good corn crop in 1949, even further increases in pork production may be expected the following year. If this should happen we may have surpluses of pork rather than short supplies by 1951.

Meat Supply Shortest Now

Supplies of meat on the market from now until December 1 will continue to reflect the short corn crop last year. During this period we will experience the most acute shortage of meat in relation to demand we are likely to face before pork supplies become more plentiful a year from now. There will be a seasonal increase between now and the end of the year — in beef when marketings of grass-fed cattle get under way in volume, and in pork when hogs from last spring's pig crop reach market. But the increase will be less than usual.

Meat supplies from December until late 1949, while not averaging greatly different than this year, will probably be more evenly distributed through the period. Feeding of hogs to heavier weights will give us more pork. Also more cattle will be finished on grain, and more will be carried into the summer and marketed at heavier weights. And we will have more poultry to supplement our red meat.

Exports Not Significant

Exports are not a significant factor in our meat situation. Minor quantities

— less than one fourth of 1 per cent of our production — are exported to certain countries normally dependent upon the United States for some of their supply. No meat of the kinds consumed here is being exported to Europe except the small quantity required by our Armed Forces, and an insignificant amount included in CARE packages. Except for horse meat, no meat will be taken out of the United States under the Marshall Plan for at least the next two years.

Imports Also Not Important

Imports likewise are not a significant factor. We formerly imported 400 to 500 thousand cattle a year from Mexico. Such imports are no longer permitted because of the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Mexico. Canned beef from the cattle normally moving into the United States from Mexico is being sent to needy foreign countries, and thus prevents a drain upon our production for such purposes.

Before the war, we obtained around 200,000 cattle a year from Canada. From June 1942 to August this year, Canada had an embargo on exports to us, partly as an aid in her control of prices, but primarily to enable her to carry out commitments for exports of beef to the United Kingdom. While imports of cattle from Canada will augment our supply, the number will be insignificant in comparison with our own production. Importation of 100,000 cattle, for example, would

increase our annual meat supply less than two tenths of 1 per cent.

Some meat is imported from South America, particularly from Argentina. Since foot-and-mouth disease exists in that country, only cooked and processed meat — principally canned corned beef — can be imported from there. During the war imports from the Argentine were stopped entirely in order that such meat might be diverted to some of our allied countries that had greater need for it, and also to supply our Armed Forces in the theatres of war. The import controls expired in July 1947, but only minor quantities of meat from Argentina enter the United States. European countries take the bulk of exportable surpluses.

Thus practically all the meat we consume comes from domestic production, and likewise, practically the entire output of our farmers and ranchers is retained here for consumption. Meat is part and parcel of our high standard of living. The frontiers of the world and of the sciences have been pushed back by the meat-eating races. Meat is a great power in our economic life. Our increasing population, higher standards of living, and rising level of consumer incomes offer a real challenge to our livestock industry to provide meat in the quantities and quality demanded.

Our Capacity to Produce

Our capacity to produce livestock is dependent in the long run on grazing

and feed grain resources. These resources are governed to a large extent by weather conditions. With substitution of mechanical power for more horses and mules, our grazing resources, if fully utilized ten years hence, can probably maintain an inventory of 95 million cattle and calves — nearly 20 million more than present numbers. To carry such a total, cattle raising in some of the Southern states, where numbers in the past have not been up to the capacity of grazing resources, will have to be expanded more than for the country as a whole. An average inventory of 95 million cattle and calves will make possible a yearly slaughter of 36 million head — equal to the record last year — without depleting herds. If our corn crops average 3 billion bushels we can raise 80 million hogs annually for slaughter. A total slaughter of 36 million cattle and calves, 80 million hogs and 20 million sheep and lambs, will yield around 24 billion pounds of meat. For a population of 160 million, which we may have by the late fifties, this will be equivalent to 150 pounds per person, or five pounds more than we are consuming this year. Corn crops averaging 3.5 billion bushels instead of 3 billion would make possible substantially larger production of pork.

Our problem in the future will be to produce as much beef as we want. Research increasing the productivity and output of our livestock per unit of feed consumed may be a partial

answer. Also, greater efficiency in the production and saving of our feed and forage crops would give us greater resources for producing meat. Additional resources for cattle may be developed by turning some of our tilled land, which is low-yielding or subject to erosion, back to grass or cover crops. Livestock production and soil conservation go hand in hand. Rather than produce cotton, tobacco and wheat in quantities where an uncertain export market must be depended upon as an outlet for a large portion of the crop, the surplus-producing acres might better contribute to our beef supply.

Meat Consumption in Other Countries

How far we can go in utilizing a larger share of our productive resources to enhance our own standard of living when it is already much higher than that of other peoples in the world will depend a great deal on our international relations. Low levels of meat consumption in the heavily populated countries of the Old World reflect their limited land resources. Those countries supplement their food supply by imports to the extent that they have the exchange to buy

on the world market. But even so, their meat supply per person is short compared to ours. Meat consumption in the United Kingdom last year averaged 104 pounds per person; in France 86 pounds; and in the Western Zones of Germany 47 pounds. On the other hand, in countries of the Southern Hemisphere not so densely populated in relation to their land resources, consumers have over 200 pounds of meat per person.

Our Entire Economy on a Higher Level of Prices

More pounds of meat for the share of our earnings we spend for it are definitely in prospect. But for a while at least our supply will consist of more pork and less beef. Nature has the stage all set for larger supplies of hogs by late 1949. However, in figuring what we are going to pay for meat we should not overlook the fact that our entire economy is becoming established at a different and a higher level of wages and salaries, prices and costs, than before the war. We may as well recognize that the day of going to the butcher shop for a quarter's worth of pork chops for the family has gone the way of the "good five-cent cigar."



SHERMAN: IMAGINATIVE SOLDIER

BY RICHARD O'CONNOR

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN is still a vivid figure in the American memory. Whether he is worthy of being ranked with Washington, Grant and Lee, the greatest of American generals, is debatable; he was a faulty tactician and several times an indifferent performer in the field. Yet he emerged from the Civil War with more than his share of fame and glory. This may be partly ascribed to the fact that Sherman was a striking personality, with a distinctly unmilitary talent for brilliant writing and speaking; and long after he had retired he was sought out by reporters for his astringent comments, much as today's journalists quote George Bernard Shaw on everything from the prospects for peace to the length of women's skirts.

The Sherman-Shaw parallel, unlikely as it may seem on first consideration, may be carried further. If you can imagine Shaw rigged out in a uniform of Union blue with the three stars of a lieutenant general on his shoulder straps, you have as close a

resemblance to Sherman as can be found in contemporary life. Both in their younger days had red hair and beards, piercing blue eyes and imperious noses. They had a mutual sharpness of tongue, a similar restless iconoclasm of speech and attitude.

Even today Sherman is widely quoted, especially at Presidential election time, when candidates are less outspoken than he was. His statement during the campaign of 1884 when he was a prime favorite for the Republican nomination, "I will not accept if nominated and will not serve if elected," is held up as a model of renunciation. To a relative he wrote, embroidering on this statement:

If I ran for President I'd wake up some morning and find all over the newspapers that I'd poisoned my grandmother. Now you know I never saw my mother's mother, but the newspapers would say I killed her and *prove* it.

Twenty years before, while he was still actively engaged as a general, he had been proposed as a candidate to oppose Lincoln's renomination, and

RICHARD O'CONNOR *has written for newspapers from Boston to Los Angeles, occasionally as a columnist. His biography of General Thomas has just been published by Prentice-Hall, and another biography, Hood: The Self-Made Cavalier, will appear soon.*

he stopped the boom with an even more pithy disavowal: "... Some fool seems to have used my name. If forced to choose between the penitentiary and the White House for four years, I would say the penitentiary, thank you." Sherman always exhibited a profound contempt for politics and its practitioners but he had a malicious insight into its workings. His comment to a Republican on the U. S. Grant-Horace Greeley campaign of 1872 was: "Grant, who was never a Republican, is your candidate, and Greeley, who was never a Democrat, is the Democratic candidate."

It seems natural enough to begin an examination of Sherman's career without immediately delving into his military record; for it was that ability of Sherman's to catch the public's ear and imprint himself on its imagination that rescued him from the drab museum corners where most of his contemporaries are gathering dust. Grant is remembered chiefly as a dull fellow who quelled Secession by sheer stubbornness and later disgraced himself in the Presidency; Robert E. Lee became enshrined as the greatest of the Southern knights, a bearded Galahad who couldn't quite believe Secession was the Holy Grail; Stonewall Jackson died at Chancellorsville, just in time to become a legend; George B. McClellan's reputation of 1861-62 shrivelled in failure and megalomaniac delusions; Joe Johnston, Joe Hooker, P. G. T. Beauregard, Braxton Bragg, George

G. Meade, Jeb Stuart, Phil Sheridan and all the others, Northern and Southern, retreat further into the dusty corners of history with each passing year.

What was the secret of Sherman's survival through the generations long after they blew Taps over his grave? His gift of prophecy? His military laurels? The caustic phrases still so widely quoted? John Ropes, the noted historian, attempted to analyze his hold on the imagination after conceding "there was nobody in our time like General Sherman"; he reflected that Sherman "possessed all the peculiarly American characteristics . . . his evident honesty and sincerity took wonderfully with the people . . . he took the public into his confidence to a degree that no other general ever thought of doing." Ropes concluded that all of Sherman's actions were "calculated powerfully to excite the imagination."

He possessed another American characteristic to an amazing degree — versatility. Born in Lancaster, Ohio, he entered West Point at sixteen and graduated sixth in his class in academic standing; he served in the Seminole campaigns in Florida, on the frontier and in California; then he resigned from the Army and engaged in such varied careers — during the decade preceding the Civil War — as banker, educator, lawyer and streetcar company president. During his Army service he had taken up painting and was said to have considered turning in his uniform for an artist's smock.

Perhaps these diversified interests gave him the wider point of view that makes him seem the most modern of Civil War generals. He saw the importance of psychology and propaganda in warfare, and he understood, as no one else but Lincoln did, the intimate connection between war and politics. His strategy was always based on the political as well as military aspects of a campaign.

II

Sherman's greatest service, however, was less direct than any politico-military stroke, and has never been given its proper valuation. That was his unselfish promotion of the careers of U. S. Grant and George H. Thomas — two soldiers who were probably his superiors as military technicians and who, thanks principally to Sherman, were allowed to play their great rôles. Both Grant and Thomas were under suspicion at the outset of the war: Grant of being a hopeless drunkard, Thomas of being a secret sympathizer with the Confederacy.

One of the many paradoxes of Sherman's life was that, nervous and emotional as was his temperament, a condition which led him into actions others considered irrational, he was Grant's balance-wheel and Thomas' staunchest sponsor. He defended Grant against charges of drunkenness and Thomas against whispers of treason.

When he was assigned to duty in Kentucky, with the task of swaying that Border state toward the Union,

Sherman went to President Lincoln with a plea that Thomas, his roommate at West Point, also be added to the list of brigadiers in the Kentucky command. "Old Tom is as loyal as I am," Sherman told Lincoln, when the latter mentioned that Thomas' loyalty was doubted because of his Virginia birth. Lincoln gave Thomas his chance, and the staunch Virginian won the Union's first resounding victory at Mill Springs, saved the day at Stone's River and Chickamauga, and directed the only battle of annihilation in the Civil War, at Nashville.

Later, in 1862, Sherman saved Grant's career, when the latter had been shoved into the empty honor of second-in-command during the Corinth campaign, partly as punishment for the near-disaster at Shiloh. Grant, like Thomas, was a sensitive man under his impassive exterior; he brooded over the misfortune of having his army taken away from him, and once was observed weeping in his tent. He made up his mind to leave the Army in the midst of its campaign, until Sherman convinced him it would be disastrous to his career. Had Grant departed then, he probably never would have been reinstated to high command and become the victor of Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Petersburg and Appomattox.

How did Sherman assay, purely as a soldier? His first real experience in command — he was one of the few top generals of the Civil War who did not meet his first test in Mexico

— was at Bull Run, where he led a brigade creditably. Then he went to Kentucky and succeeded to the post of commanding general of the Department of the Cumberland, though he had begged Lincoln not to promote him to higher command. At that time his self-abnegation was truly remarkable, for the White House was virtually under siege by glory-grabbers and self-discovered Napoleons, most of whom failed ingloriously when given their opportunity. It is ironic that the most ambitious of the glory-hounds, McClellan, Buell, Hooker, Fremont and Pope, were the most resounding of failures; after no other American war did so many ex-magnificos spin out their days in recrimination and explanation. But great responsibility was foisted on Sherman in Kentucky, and he did not quite live up to it. It wasn't altogether his fault; he rowed with newspaper correspondents because he thought they were publishing too many military secrets, and they retaliated by alleging he was insane. In truth his nerves were terribly strained by the task of guarding the long frontier with inadequate forces.

Then came the conference with slippery Simon Cameron. The soon-to-be-removed Secretary of War had promised that the conference would be kept secret; but when Sherman declared that 60,000 troops were needed for defensive purposes in the West, and 200,000 for a total victory, the politician saw his chance to get rid of a troublesome subordinate. He

allowed the news of Sherman's estimates to be broadcast as the ravings of a lunatic. Sherman asked to be relieved of his command. Several years later his forecasts proved to be almost exactly correct.

His next post was as division commander in the Army of the Tennessee, led by Grant. The latter, to his credit, did not believe the tales of Sherman's lunacy, though his gift of prophecy and his blunt way of expressing himself had resulted in ignominy. It is odd to reflect now that the three greatest generals of the Civil War on the Union side were popularly believed to be a drunk, a lunatic and a traitor; if the scandal-mongers had had their way Grant, Sherman and Thomas would have been cashiered. Actually the tongue-wagging against all three was initiated mostly by Radical Republicans who knew they were Lincolnian moderates in their attitude toward the South.

But the battle of Shiloh almost confirmed the popular beliefs concerning Grant and Sherman. They had brought their army to Pittsburgh Landing on the Tennessee river in the jump-off of the first large-scale invasion of the South; there they were to be joined by the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by Don Carlos Buell, for a combined advance on the Confederate base at Corinth, Miss. The Confederate commander, Albert Sidney Johnston, wrecked the plans for a leisurely combination of forces by coming out to assault rather

than submitting to a siege — a maneuver that Grant and Sherman might well have expected.

They had attained a beachhead across the Tennessee and then failed to follow the prime rule of such an operation and dig in defensively. Afterward Grant said it would have discouraged his green troops to be ordered to assume a defensive position, one of the lamest excuses in military history. Nor was Sherman without blame for the failure to take ordinary precautions. A noted war correspondent observed that Sherman's position fronted on a tree-covered slope and was bounded by a ravine; and

a day's work of his troops would have covered that slope with an impenetrable abatis, thrown a line of breastworks to the front of our camps, and enabled General Sherman to sweep all approaches with artillery and musketry. . . . But for three weeks he had lain there, declaring the position was dangerous and predicting attack; yet absolutely without making the slightest preparation for the commonest means of defense.

The result was that the Union army was almost driven into the Tennessee and sustained, as well as inflicted, terrible losses; it was able to counterattack only after the arrival of Buell's divisions. Sherman led his men with courage and determination once the battle began, but he was partly responsible for a lack of preparation which was almost disastrous. Shiloh was the kind of Union victory that led to widespread defeatism in

the North and the despairing cry that "more victories like that will ruin us."

Many military critics have pointed out that Sherman's ability as a tactician and field commander was far from first-rate; they have observed that he never directed a great and victorious battle as did Grant, Thomas, Meade and Sheridan. There is much truth in claims that Sherman was less effective on a battlefield than he was in strategic conference. More than once his performance in combat left something to be desired.

III

The year 1863 saw a great upswing in the military fortunes of both Sherman and Grant; it was the year of the capture of Vicksburg. In one phase of the campaign against the Confederate's Mississippi bastion, Sherman directed a corps in the assault on the rebel-held bluffs at Chickasaw and lost 2000 men before calling off the attack (against a Southern casualty list of less than 200). Later he opposed Grant's decision to run the batteries before Vicksburg and approach that citadel from the south, after so many other plans had failed. "I have no faith in the whole plan," he wrote his wife. Grant was proved right, however, and Sherman conceded the point; he was often as vociferous in admitting he was wrong as in arguing he was right.

Without any undue brilliance of effort, Sherman's reputation began to grow, partly because of Grant's

belief in him. Later in 1863 they were dispatched as trouble-shooters to Chattanooga, where the Army of the Cumberland had been bottled up after its defeat at Chickamauga. Grant assumed the over-all command, with Sherman leading the Army of the Tennessee on the left, Thomas and four divisions of the Cumberlanders in the center, and Hooker on the right with two corps from the Army of the Potomac. In this all-star lineup, Thomas and Hooker were to act as blockers while Sherman, the star halfback, ran with the ball around left end. Grant's plan went awry. Sherman failed to turn the Confederate flank on Missionary Ridge, his assault being held up by a ravine not marked on his maps. Meanwhile Hooker stormed Lookout Mountain; and then Thomas' troops, disdaining their subsidiary rôle in the plan, made a desperate charge up and over Missionary Ridge, in excess of orders, and won the battle. Grant was considerably annoyed at the way his favorite subordinate, Sherman, was overshadowed, and shortly after the victory was quoted as snarling, "Damn the battle, I had nothing to do with it."

On the basis of his performance at Shiloh, Vicksburg and Chattanooga it would not seem that Sherman merited his next and greatest opportunity: command of an army group charged with advancing southward to Atlanta and destroying the Confederate army of Joseph E. Johnston. But Grant had become general-in-

chief in the Spring of 1864 and Sherman was his choice for the man to complete Union operations in the West. It was probably the wisest course, for Sherman's all-around talents, civilian as well as military, were given their greatest latitude in the Atlanta campaign. It was a success — except that the enemy army escaped destruction.

Sherman had a chance to encircle and destroy Johnston's army at the outset of his movement southward, and would have if he had followed the advice of his chief lieutenant, George Thomas. Thomas had discovered a route through Snake Gap by which the Confederate commander might be outflanked. Even the enemy generals were unaware of the route. Thomas' plan was that he take his Cumberland army, the largest of the three under Sherman's command, and make the outflanking movement while the other two, the Armies of the Tennessee and Ohio, assaulted the enemy works before Resaca.

Sherman accepted the plan piecemeal: he sent the Army of the Tennessee (many said he wanted his old command to have the glory) *via* Snake Gap and it wasn't strong or bold enough to take Resaca and cut off Joe Johnston's retreat.

Later in the campaign, during which Johnston kept slipping elusively toward his base at Atlanta, Sherman ordered a frontal attack on Kenesaw Mountain, against the pleas of Thomas and other subordinates. It was worse than the Chickasaw

assault, and this time the responsibility was entirely Sherman's; he lost 2500 men in the attack on heavily-fortified positions, and his curious explanation was:

. . . I had to do it. The enemy and our own army and officers had settled down into the conviction that the assault of lines formed no part of my game, and the moment the enemy was found behind anything like a parapet, why, everybody would deploy, throwing up counterworks, and take it easy, leaving it to "the old man" to turn the position. . . .

Two days after that bloodletting he wrote to his wife, "I begin to regard the death and mangling of a couple thousand men as a small affair, a kind of morning dash." And the death dance toward Atlanta continued; the rash Hood replaced the cautious Johnston as Confederate commander, and made Sherman's task easier.

Here Sherman's versatility and perception were invaluable to the Union. It was growing close to the Presidential election of 1864 and Lincoln needed a great victory to swing the voters to his re-election.

IV

The orthodox approach would have been for Sherman to besiege Atlanta and make sure, in due time, of taking both the city and Hood's army. But he realized, as none of his generals would have, that a swift capture of the city was more important than a complete military victory: it would satisfy the Northern voters

(greatly distressed by Grant's campaigns against Lee in Virginia, which were costing thousands of lives and gaining little visible recompense) and prevent the election of McClellan, who campaigned for a quick end to the war and an indecisive peace with the Confederacy. So Sherman took Atlanta and let Hood go for awhile, euchering that impulsive general out of his arsenal city by continuously extending his lines and threatening his last supply artery to the south.

Then he engaged in an exchange of letters with General Hood, in which the latter protested the brutality of his tactics in the capture of Atlanta. Sherman not only outfought Hood, he outwrote him. He obviously intended that his letters be published throughout the South and Hood eagerly swallowed the bait. "Talk thus to the marines," he wrote Hood, who had charged him with being a modern Attila, "but not to me, who have seen these things and who this day will make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best-born Southerner among you." He was trying to widen the cleavage between the Southern people and their aristocratic leaders, and toward that end he also implied that the Confederacy's leaders would sacrifice women, children and private property to secure their aims. But when he ordered Atlanta evacuated and burned, he said bluntly, "War is war and not popularity-seeking." Thanks to his command of rhetoric,

he was able to make these conflicting attitudes palatable.

Sherman had not much time to gloat over his victory; Hood was striking northward. It was a grubby prospect, chasing Hood all over the map, not at all to Sherman's taste.

So he fastened on one of those strategic masterpieces that were, as Ropes said, "calculated powerfully to excite the imagination." He proposed to Grant and Lincoln that he be allowed to march across Georgia to the sea, slicing through the "soft underbelly" of the Confederacy and demonstrating to it and to Europe's interventionists that the C.S.A. was already defeated. Then he would turn North and join Grant in writing off Lee. Grant and Lincoln wanted to know who would prevent Hood from streaking North and capturing Louisville and Cincinnati—which was known to be his plan. Why, replied Sherman, steadfast George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga."

Sherman selected the best of the army group's corps for himself and handed Thomas a pick-up army with which to proceed to Nashville and finish the job Sherman started, the destruction of Hood's army. A good part of Thomas' force was composed of recruits, quartermaster's men pressed into combat service and garrison troops; his cavalry was without horses until his officers had raided circuses and streetcar barns. English military critics said that in view of the fact Hood was still ram-paging around Tennessee, Georgia

and Alabama, Sherman's "March to the Sea" was actually a retreat. But it was much more audacious than any such maneuver: he was taking the great risk of turning his back on an aggressive enemy, and his march across Georgia would be justified only if Thomas managed to defeat Hood. Sherman's whole success hinged on that circumstance; the real victory would have to be won by his subordinate a couple of hundred miles in the rear.

Thomas overwhelmed Hood at Nashville and disintegrated his army. Shortly afterwards, Sherman ended his "epic" march, his 60,000 troops advancing against only a few thousand Confederate cavalry and militia. It was a lightning stroke of politics and propaganda rather than a great military feat. But it demonstrated to the civil population of the Confederacy that its armies were wrecked and it showed France and England that the South could be supported no longer, openly or covertly. Sherman's whole campaign, to Atlanta and from Atlanta to the Atlantic, was greater as a whole than the sum of its military parts; it also showed that Sherman, more than any of his contemporaries, understood the new dimensions of warfare.

His campaign through the Carolinas was almost anticlimactic—until he had another brush with disgrace. In quick succession had come Lee's surrender to Grant and Lincoln's assassination; turmoil was almost as widespread in the victorious North

as in the defeated South; Radical Republicans were howling for a harsh and retributive policy toward the South. And in those critical hours Sherman came to terms with Joe Johnston, commander of the last Confederate army active in the East. They were generous terms, and Secretary of War Stanton repudiated them with the inference that Sherman was almost treasonous in his conciliation of the enemy. The Chicago *Tribune* declared, "Sherman has been completely over-reached and outwitted by Joe Johnston." The New York *Herald* asked, "Was he caught napping or was he too eager for the laurels of the peacemaker? . . . With a few unlucky strokes of his pen, he has blurred all the triumphs of his sword." Grant saved face all around, however, by signing the instrument of surrender with Johnston and granting him the same liberal terms he had extended to Lee.

v

Sherman's postbellum career was comparatively serene and rewarding. There was talk of his going to Mexico in command of an expedition against Emperor Maximilian, but when he was asked about it he snapped, "You can go there if you like and you can go to hell if you want to." Sherman did not go to Mexico. He was advanced to lieutenant-general, then to general, succeeding Grant as general-in-chief of the Army and keeping that post until he retired in 1883. In that office he

was charged with prosecution of the war against the Indians as well as occupation of the South. The ruthless measures taken on the frontier, enthusiastically executed by such braves as Phil Sheridan and George Custer, must have given Sherman more than a few quivers of conscience. His judgment of men seemed to have lapsed temporarily when he allowed Custer to return to active duty and lead the Seventh Cavalry into the massacre on the Little Bighorn, a tragic performance rooted in Custer's psychopathic yearning for new glories.

In the postwar years Sherman was probably the luckiest and happiest of all the great figures of the Civil War. Death and disappointment claimed so many of them, when they found rewards for their services not forthcoming. But Sherman basked in public acclaim, taking care not to soil himself with politics but rarely refusing an invitation to be seen and heard. Lloyd Lewis, the best of his biographers, said the "last 25 years of his life were one long chicken dinner." With Chauncey Depew, who said he was "the readiest and most original talker in the United States," he was America's favorite toastmaster. Before and after his retirement as general-in-chief, he spent most of his evenings at banquets and theatrical suppers. He especially enjoyed the company of people of the theatre. His days, after retirement, he spent mostly in his "office" in the basement of his home, mulling over

the old battles and debating with all comers.

On one famous occasion he demonstrated his iconoclasm by declaring to an Ohio assemblage that "war is hell," an attitude not generally found among men of his profession. Another time, to a gathering of veterans, he remarked, "I think we understand what military fame is — to be killed on the field of battle and have our names spelled wrong in the newspapers."

He did not succumb to the growing adulation of Robert E. Lee, of whom he commented rather crisply, "Virginia was to him the world. . . . He stood at the front porch battling with the flames whilst the kitchen and house were burning."

Altogether he had a rollicking good time until death claimed him in 1891; he made a pleasant foible of kissing whatever girls were in reach during receptions in his honor, drawing from one civic leader the comment that "if all the fair of our land had

but one pair of lips and Sherman were anywhere within reach, terrific would be the concussion." But he achieved his three-score-and-ten in the knowledge that he had led a useful and honorable life and been rewarded for it.

His reputation is perhaps out of proportion to his merits solely as a soldier, his words often being brighter than his deeds, "calculated powerfully to excite the imagination." For all his contempt for newspapers and politicians, he had a firm grasp on their methods — a blaze of publicity always warmed him. Like George Bernard Shaw, he knew how to dramatize himself, how to catch attention with an iconoclastic attitude. But, conceits and foibles aside, he was a man of greater vision than his military contemporaries, and his successful career is a lesson to American military men that a great general is one whose views are wider than that of a battlefield or map table.

RECORDING

BY MICHAEL WILKINS

The unspoken word
Will serve to break the hands apart.
Spoken, though lightning sharp, blurred,
Still it will clear the spirit.
Unspoken, it needles slowly
Across the heart.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MASS EXECUTION

BY HAROLD A. RONNENBERG

FROM all directions, lumber wagons filled with grim, armed settlers and their families poured into Mankato, Minnesota, during Christmas night, 1862. Among the people who mingled on the streets that night, there were few impulses of Christmas sentiment. These travelers came on no mission of peace or good will. They were there to witness a brutal act of frontier justice — one which stands unparalleled in American history.

Some of the visitors drifted from one saloon to another, trying to buy a drink; but in the town of two thousand, the saloons stood empty and dark, their doors locked. An order by Col. Stephen Miller, commanding the Army post at Mankato, had established military law over a radius of ten miles from the town. A ban on the sale, gift or use of any intoxicating liquor was effectively enforced.

At daybreak, crowds of people gathered on the main street and stared at a newly built structure which stood on the bank of the Minnesota River across from the stone jail. It

was a 24-foot-square gallows built of heavy white oak timbers.

Forty hangman's ropes — ten on each side — swung from the scaffold. A raised platform beneath the ropes ran all the way around the gallows. The platform could be dropped by cutting one rope at the foot of the scaffold.

At 9:30 o'clock, 1419 soldiers under the command of Col. Miller stood in solid ranks around the gallows. Behind the soldiers, packing every inch of available space in the streets, along the river banks, on housetops and in windows, was a throng numbering between five and six thousand persons.

Few Mankatoans stayed at home that morning. Prim young ladies who had looked upon the coming event with conventional horror found excuses to be downtown. A little boy with measles teased his father into carrying him to the spectacle. Circulating in the crowd were physicians from all over the state.

A storekeeper estimated that there were two hundred medical men in the crowd. "There won't be a single

HAROLD A. RONNENBERG is a graduate of Mankato State Teachers College in Minnesota. He taught and did newspaper work for five years, but after his discharge from the Army he returned to study at the University of Minnesota, where he is taking an M.A. in journalism.

body left here by morning," he predicted.

"Sure a beautiful day for a hanging," a bystander remarked grimly.

It *was* a beautiful day. It was so warm that many men appeared in shirt sleeves. The ground was almost bare of snow.

At the foot of the gallows, nervously fingering an axe, stood Captain John Duly. Three of his children had been killed by Indians and his wife and two other children were still captives of Chief Little Crow. John Duly had asked for the job as executioner. His request granted, he had been offered five dollars by David J. Davis to let him cut the rope. Captain Duly had refused the offer.

"Here they come!"

Every eye turned toward the jail. Between two lines of soldiers eagerly pushing their way forward filed 38 Sioux Indians. On this day, December 26, 1862, these Indians were to pay with their lives for the death of approximately 500 white settlers and soldiers in one of the bloodiest Indian uprisings of frontier history.

II

The treaty of Traverse des Sioux in 1851 had assigned the 6000 Sioux Indians in Minnesota to a reservation along the Minnesota River. Most of the Sioux, however, preferred to lead their old, wild life; and they spent their time off the reservation, hunting to the west.

An accumulation of grievances against the white man found the

Indians in a restless mood in the summer of 1862. The greed and dishonesty of the trader, delays in annuity payments, realization that the whites were pushing them out of their ancestral homes—these and other reasons emphasized the inevitable conflict between the red and white civilizations.

In June, the Sioux congregated at the Redwood and Yellow Medicine agencies to collect their annuity payment. It did not arrive. By August, hunger was widespread and the Indians were desperate. Indian children, it was said, had starved. Famine was averted in some cases by killing dogs and ponies and by digging roots.

Chief Little Crow, an intelligent and ambitious leader of the Sioux, made an appeal for food at the Redwood agency near Fort Ridgely. To his request the head storekeeper replied, "So far as I am concerned, if your people are hungry, let them eat grass."

Rather than eat the grass, the Sioux decided to set it on fire. On August 17, a small party of Indians killed five whites near Forest City. The massacre started in earnest the next day. Warriors fell first upon the two hundred whites at the agencies. Then they spread a trail of blood, fire and terror among the 40,000 settlers in south-central Minnesota.

One of the first victims was the storekeeper at the Redwood agency. Days later his body was found—his mouth stuffed with grass.

There had been so many false rumors of uprisings that the settlers had become skeptical of an actual Indian war. Busy in the harvest fields, they were caught completely unprepared.

Fanning out in small groups, the raiders would saunter up to a house. Since most were recognized as friendly Indians, the settlers would not be alarmed. Suddenly the Indians would shoot the men, often in the back. Some of the women were raped and then slain with their children. Others were taken prisoners. Leaving behind mutilated bodies and looted, burning homes, the warriors would move on to repeat their performance at the next homestead.

Settlers who escaped fled to Fort Ridgely and frontier towns. Fort Ridgely, a scant collection of frame buildings defended by 180 soldiers and civilians, was attacked for three days. In a final desperate assault on August 22, about 450 warriors led by Little Crow showered the fort with bullets and fire arrows. Deadly cannon fire directed by Sergeant Jones saved the fort.

Forced to withdraw, the Sioux reassembled for the bloody battle of New Ulm, a German community near Fort Ridgely. Here, too, the Indians were defeated, but victory was costly. Twenty-six citizen soldiers were killed in savage fighting. Nearly two hundred buildings were burned; only 25 remained standing.

When Governor Alexander Ramsey heard of the outbreak, he pressed

into action a hastily equipped force of 1400 soldiers under Col. H. H. Sibley, a former governor. Near Wood Lake, Sibley's troops badly defeated the Sioux on September 23. Most of the more savage warriors escaped and fled with Little Crow into Dakota. Col. Sibley then negotiated with friendly Indians at Camp Release for the freedom of more than two hundred and fifty captives, including many women and children.

After the battle, 425 Indians were arrested and tried by a military commission. Of this number, 321 were convicted. Eighteen were to be imprisoned and 303 were sentenced to be hanged.

Reports of atrocities during the massacre had so prejudiced the people that they were guided more by vengeance than by justice in the trial of these Indians. In the haste of the trials — as many as 42 cases were handled in one day — no Indian was given an opportunity to prepare an adequate defense. Many of the convictions were based upon the testimony of a Negro named Godfrey, who had married a squaw and joined the Sioux. By his own admission he had killed more whites than most of the Indians. For turning state's evidence he was let off with ten years' imprisonment. Others were convicted when a hysterical woman or child picked out an Indian and cried, "He killed my husband," or "He killed my parents."

On November 7, the convicted Sioux were chained, placed in wag-

ons, and taken to South Bend, just outside of Mankato. The wagon train of soldiers and Indians extended along the road for two miles. At New Ulm, the convicts were attacked with clubs and stones by a mob composed mainly of women whose relatives had been killed in the uprisings. In spite of efforts by the guards, a number of the Indians were injured.

The military court had intended that the 303 Indians would be hanged soon after they arrived at Mankato. Citizens and newspapers in the East, however, raised such a storm of protest that petitions were sent to President Lincoln to prevent the mass execution.

This action enraged the people of Minnesota. Residents of New Ulm said that if the government would not punish the Indians they would take the matter into their own hands.

Lincoln, however, requested that all the evidence from the trials be forwarded to him. He turned the records over to two clerks with instructions to select only the worst cases for hanging. Among the 39 finally chosen to die was Henry Milord, a half-breed, who had been brought up at the home of Sibley, now promoted to the rank of brigadier general.

Early in December, a number of Mankato citizens and others from New Ulm and neighboring towns formed a vigilance committee and set out after dark to remove the 303 imprisoned Indians. As the group was approaching the prison at Camp

Lincoln on the outskirts of town, it was surrounded by soldiers. Confronted by bayonets, the men explained that they were merely admiring the prison by moonlight. Its ardor dampened, the mob quickly dispersed.

III

During their confinement, the Indians were kept in chains, for the whites still regarded them with fear. The sullen captives represented the "fiends incarnate" who had nailed a new-born baby to a tree and made the wounded mother watch it die — who had cut the legs off a girl as she cried, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" — who had gouged out the eye of a little boy.

The hanging, first set for December 19, was postponed one week because there was not enough rope available in Mankato.

The stoic composure of the 39 Sioux broke for the first time on December 24. Imprisoned in a stone jail, the condemned men were allowed to bid final farewells to friends and relatives from the other prison. Those who had wives and children were moved to tears as they sent their last messages. In most cases they advised their children to become Christians and to lead a life of good will toward the white man.

On Christmas day, all seemed resigned to death and were quite depressed. Some sat motionless on the floor, staring resolutely into space, looking like statues.

During their final days in prison, the condemned men were consoled by Father Ravaux, a Catholic priest, and the Rev. T. S. Williamson, a Protestant missionary and doctor. On Christmas night, all but two of the Sioux were baptized into the Christian faith. Prison guards and newspaper men were greatly impressed by the "sincere feeling" which the Indians showed during the services.

During the night, a last-minute pardon from President Lincoln arrived for Round Wind, one of the condemned Indians. Evidence collected by Dr. Williamson proved that this Indian had actually helped the whites to escape during the massacre.

At 7:30 the next morning, the irons which bound the prisoners were removed and their arms were tied. During this preparation, the Indians appeared to experience a feeling of relief because the ordeal was nearing its climax. They even seemed cheerful, and smiled and chatted with each other. Many shook hands with the soldiers and bid them goodbye. As they shook hands, they would point to the sky and exclaim fervently, "Me going up."

At 9 o'clock, they were arranged around the room in a row. Although the three half-breeds had dressed like white men, the rest had donned brilliant war paint and decorations. All wore religious emblems which they displayed prominently.

Shortly before 10 o'clock, Father Ravaux read them a prayer and

spoke to them. Now their voices were low and humble. Every trace of Indian bravado seemed to have disappeared. Tears appeared in their eyes as they listened to the earnest words of the priest.

While the priest was speaking, Captain Redfield entered and announced that all was ready. Instantly the Indians leaped to their feet, formed into a single line, and filed speedily out of the building.

When their eyes fell upon the gallows, they broke into a wild, weird chant. Mounting the scaffold without assistance, they took their places below the dangling nooses.

While the soldiers pulled muslin caps over their eyes and adjusted the ropes around their necks, the Sioux continued singing and shouting. Their feet moved and their bodies swayed in time with the eerie music. Over and over again they sang out in their native tongue, "I am here. I am here." This was no cry of defiance, but an improvised chant in which each assured the others that they were dying together.

The mournful wail was interrupted by an occasional piercing scream. The weird swaying of the hooded figures, the wild singing, and their pitiful attempts to hold hands left an impression which no one in the crowd was ever to forget.

At 10:16, Major Brown, the signal officer, gave three distinct taps on his drum. Captain Duly raised his axe and swung. Obviously nervous, he missed the rope.

Again the axe rose. This time the platform dropped with a crash, abruptly cutting off the doleful chant. For a second, the crowd stood stunned. Then a young soldier whose family had been slain by one of the convicted Sioux pointed his finger straight at the convulsing body of this Indian and cheered. His shout was expanded into a roar by the huge throng.

Most of the Indians died quietly. Two held hands in death. A few kicked savagely. One, a heavy man, snapped the rope and fell down the river bank. Soldiers ran his body up on one of the spare ropes.

Twenty minutes later, all the Indians were pronounced dead. Four teams drove up to the scaffold and the bodies were cut down and taken for burial to a long trench on the river bank.

A woman who witnessed the hanging wrote: "Those hangings, deplorable though they were, yet filled the hearts of the settlers with thankfulness and reverence for they marked the end of terror waged by the hostile red men."

During the afternoon, a group of soldiers took one of the bodies, tied it to a tree, and used it for target practice. The next morning the common grave was found open and all the bodies gone. One physician was seen leaving town on horseback, an Indian body tied erect behind him.

After the hanging, it was discovered that one of the dead Indians actually

was a sixteen-year-old French boy who had been raised from infancy by the Sioux. The squaw who reared the white boy was too frightened to admit the facts in the case for some time after the execution, fearing that she would be blamed for not speaking up in his defense.

At the trials he had been known by the name of "White Man." A reporter from the St. Paul *Pioneer* characterized him as a semi-idiot; and although the boy claimed to be white the newspaper man said, "But he looks like a 'Red'—and a very cross-eyed, ugly 'Red' at that."

During the testimony the boy denied having anything to do with killing white settlers. The Indians also said that he was innocent. While he was awaiting death in Mankato, he seemed to be much more affected by his fate than the other prisoners. Yet, because he looked and acted like an Indian, no one suspected his identity.

In the months after the execution, there occurred among the other imprisoned Indians at Mankato a "great mystery" which stands unique in Indian history. One of these Indians, a Christian known as Robert Hopkins Chaskay, had helped in the rescue of Dr. Williamson and other settlers at the Yellow Medicine agency. A protest by the grateful whites brought a pardon from Lincoln. Giving up his newly-won freedom, Chaskay remained at the prison. Along with another Indian named Peter Big Fire, he started a religious

revival among the more than three hundred prisoners. During the Pentecostal season, almost all of them were baptized. The revival spread to the Indian camp at Fort Snelling.

During the winter, the jail was transformed into a school room. Books for the Indians were in great demand. Before spring, most of them had learned to read and write.

Although many residents of Mankato doubted the sincerity of this change among the Indians, later events bore out the genuineness of the conversions.

On April 22, all the Indians were removed by steamboat to Davenport, Iowa. They were kept there until the spring of 1866, when all the sentences were revoked. However, more than four years of imprisonment had taken its toll. One third of the Indians had died in jail.

Those who were released went to the Sioux agency in Nebraska. Most of them renounced agency life, however, and took claims in South Dakota, where they adopted the ways of the white man. One, Artemas Ehnameni, became an able and devoted pastor. Another sent his son to college. This educated young man later became widely known as Dr. Charles H. Eastman, the noted author and preacher.

The transfer of the Sioux prisoners from Mankato to Davenport took the last of the great Sioux nations out of Blue Earth County. Today a simple gray monument on the main street of Mankato is the only reminder of America's largest mass execution. It stands on the site of the gallows; its simple inscription reads:

"Here Were Hanged 38 Sioux Indians, December 26, 1862."

NOW HAVE WE REACHED THAT QUIET

BY DOROTHY WAUGH

Now have we reached that quiet
Which comes with love's consenting.
Our eyes no more deny it,
Nor lips, nor contravening
Of love's impulsive splendor;
For heart has turned to heart
And, faith grown strong and tender,
All selfish cares depart.

THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. Some would-be contributors to the MERCURY think that it's good salesmanship to attach a letter to their scripts extravagantly praising the entire contents of the magazine and/or singling out for such praise the writing of this or that editor. Worse "sales psychology" is almost unimaginable. Editors, like all human beings, do not shrink from flattery, but they like it in moderation and "straight," and are inclined to be somewhat insulted when such praise is embellished with what amounts to a form of auctorial blackmail: "I've scratched your back, now you accept my stuff." . . . Recently, one would-be contributor of the above class praised one of the editors for having written a certain work which the editor had not only not written but never heard of. Another wrote glowingly of the magazine as a whole but sent along a 45-page manuscript defending the philosophy of Rosicrucianism, thereby proving that she hadn't the slightest notion of the character of the MERCURY. . . . The moral is clear: if you

have something you think is for us, send it in, neatly typed and accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope, and let it speak for itself. Most genuine authors do this instinctively. . . . Even intelligent people, who conduct their own businesses honestly, sometimes say that "of course, if you're somebody, you can get your stuff printed instantly." This is a libel against the journalistic profession, which, by and large, compares very favorably in its ethics with, say, law, medicine, real estate, politics and the ministry. Within the past few months the MERCURY has rejected articles by three men high in the Federal government, two governors of states, one bishop, several dozen professors, five editors of important national dailies, one celebrated literary critic, the dean of an important professional school, and a dancer of international reputation. The articles were returned because they were unsuited for us or because they were of inferior quality. All contributions are dealt with in precisely the same manner: they are accepted if they are good and rejected if poor. The authorship of a

submitted script is generally an irrelevant matter. Of course, if Stalin sent us a sonnet about petunias we'd probably print it, whether it was a good sonnet or not. Stalin's poem would be a historic oddity and it would be good and honorable journalism to publish it. But such exceptions to the general practice on this and virtually all other periodicals are rare, indeed. . . . Two highly recommended applicants for jobs on the editorial staff of the MERCURY, both honor graduates of eminent universities, revealed during personal interviews that they did not know the difference between a grand jury and a trial jury, did not know that the Bill of Rights was in the Amendments to the Constitution, were surprised to learn that William Cullen Bryant was a distinguished editor as well as a poet, and were unable to say anything intelligent about Edwin L. Godkin. What has happened to the study of American history and literature in our institutions of higher learning? . . . Lately we have been receiving an unusually large number of manuscripts in defense of telepathy, spiritualism and numerology, many of them revealing a high degree of illiteracy. Whether or not this has any significance we leave to social psychologists. The staff historian throws out the suggestion that every postwar period sees the upsurge of such bizarre philosophies, and that there is nothing remarkable about the present one. In all probability, he adds, it will wane soon enough — to the great relief of

the strained eyesight of the editorial staff.



For some time many of our readers (a large number of them faithful and friendly subscribers of long and honorable standing) have urged us to enhance the intellectual entertainment of our pages by adding a page or two of literary, historical and general cultural puzzles. In all frankness, we were first taken aback by the suggestion, and even a trifle shocked. The aforementioned readers, nevertheless, persisted, and bombarded us with massive arrays of arguments, including the intelligence that virtually all the intellectual organs of this country, and England as well, have been running such puzzles without any noticeable diminution in the IQs or general sociability of their respective readerships.

Recently a member of the puzzle brigade among MERCURY readers hurled the epithet "intellectual snob" at us — and we decided to reconsider. The page immediately following this department is the result of our reconsideration. Maybe we have been a bit snobbish. What the readers of that splendid journal, the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, like is perhaps not beneath the regard of the editors and general audience of the MERCURY. But we would like to hear from our friends what they think of the basic idea of a puzzle section in our pages — and also what they think specifically of the puzzles that have

been selected. We shall read all such correspondence with care and humility, for we are in need of guidance.

SPORTS AND STATISTICS

What this country, or a good part of it at any rate, urgently needs is a diminution in the quantity of statistics on sports. No other area of American culture has been "statisticized" as much as the sports world. Figures are compiled and recorded endlessly, and the poor sports fan — I am one myself — is obliged to remember thousands of them. Sometimes I feel that one more statistic will lead to a crackup.

I seem to recall that Max Schmeling had only 65 fights in his entire professional career, compared to 115 for Izzy Schwartz; that Glenn Davis of Army scored the most touchdowns (twenty) of any college football player in the 1944 season; that Bobby Jones won the American Open Golf Championship four times between 1923 and 1930; and that the last horse to win the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes in one year was Assault, who did it in 1946.

All these data I remember. But other statistics which I used to know, and which I tried hard to retain, have begun to elude me. What is the record for consecutive three-base hits by a left-handed batter? What is the most number of points scored in one season by a college basketball player? Who

was the American junior women's hammer-throw champion (lightweight division) in 1935?

My answer to these questions, increasingly, is, who cares? Somebody does, apparently, because the statistics keep on coming, and because thousands of sports fans feel obliged to try to remember them. But I would like to warn the men in charge of these chronicles that we are heading for an epidemic of nervous breakdowns.

Why not burn all the statistics and start over?

HUMPHREY S. MARSDEN

Chicago, Ill.

PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

I have just re-read *The Scarlet Letter* and discovered that Hawthorne, almost a hundred years ago, had an understanding of what is now called psychosomatic medicine. I quote the following from *The Scarlet Letter*: "Wherever there is a heart and an intellect, the diseases of the physical frame are tinged with the peculiarities of these. In Arthur Dimmesdale, thought and imagination were so active, and sensibility so intense, that the bodily infirmity would be likely to have its groundwork there. . . . A bodily disease, which we look upon as whole and entire within itself, may, after all, be but a symptom of some ailment in the spiritual part."

MORTON PIERREPONT, JR.

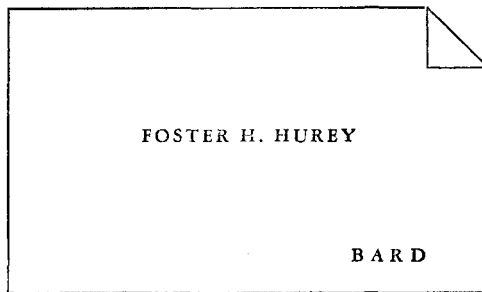
New Orleans, La.

HEART CHARADE

1. Dear _____
2. Rote _____
3. Tiny _____
4. Fair _____
5. Cram _____
6. Coal _____
7. User _____
8. Pose _____
9. Save _____
10. Soon _____

In the heart of each word above, meaning in the center, one letter has to be included in order to form another word (of different meaning). These letters when added, and read downwards, will give you the name of a famous American monument.

THE VISITING-CARD



A printer had different items to set up in type. Among these were visiting-cards, programs for social functions, etc. On one of the programs was the name of a President of the United States. When the items were to be set up, he dropped the types accidentally, and they got mixed up. Later, when he was re-arranging them, he mistook one line of a certain program for a visiting-card, and printed the card as above. But if you arrange the letters of this card in their proper order, you will find the name of that President of the United States.

FOR CORRECT ANSWERS, SEE PAGE 637.

HOW TO LEAD A HAPPY, USEFUL LIFE WITH

DIABETES



1. Today, by utilizing current medical knowledge through close co-operation with the doctor, the average diabetic may look forward to living a happy, useful life.



2. Prepared Insulin is sometimes used when the diabetic does not produce enough for his needs. New, slower-acting insulins make possible more accurate control of diabetes.

It is reassuring to note that with good medical supervision the average diabetic is living much longer. At age 40, for example, his life expectancy is twice what it was before insulin was discovered in 1921.

To learn more helpful facts about this disease, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet 118-L, "Diabetes."

Diabetes results from the body's failure to use sugar and starches properly. This occurs when something goes wrong with the system's natural supply of insulin.

Since the introduction of insulin, many advances have been made in treating and controlling diabetes. There is now hope that radioactive "tracers" and other research will contribute to a greater understanding of this disease.



3. Diet determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body. In some cases, by balancing diet and exercise, diabetes can be controlled without added insulin.



4. Exercise helps keep blood sugar at a safe level by using up sugars and starches. Many diabetics, by following their doctor's advice, are able to continue their favorite sports.

COPYRIGHT 1948 — METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

**Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company**
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

MIDAS IN MALLORCA

BY MELANIE L. PFLAUM

THE most powerful private citizen on the continent of Europe — and the richest — is Juan Albert March, a man who literally rose from rags to incalculable riches. This metamorphosis occurred in Spain, a nation that has been undergoing the process in reverse since the seventeenth century.

Hawk-nosed, high domed, with small, piercing green eyes, Juan March, now in his seventies, holds the reins of his country's economy in his fleshy white hands. Like Paul Barras, the French millionaire who spun his devious political webs during the days of the Bourbon Louis, the Revolution, the Directory, the Napoleonic Empire and the Restoration — all without losing his head or his fortune — March has survived the Monarchy, the Directorship of Primo de Rivera, the Republic, the Revolution and the Dictatorship of Francisco Franco. He has had only temporary setbacks, and he has always managed to emerge with a bigger pile of chips at the end of the game. Kings, Dictators, Presidents, Prime Ministers and Revolutionary Juntas have come and gone — but March has remained.

March can get along well enough without the men who govern Spain politically, but they cannot get along without him. His backing is well-nigh indispensable for any régime. His opposition spells its doom. In a moment of prophetic insight, Manuel Azaña, a former President of Spain, once remarked that either the Republic must control March or March would control the Republic. History provides the answer as to which won that contest.

Today Juan March controls the economic life of Spain as completely as General Franco controls its political life. But although Franco depends on March for financial and economic backing, Juan March does not depend on Francisco Franco. He could do business with Don Juan — the Bourbon pretender — if there were a restoration of the monarchy, as he once did business with Don Juan's father, Alfonso XIII.

It was in March's chartered plane that General Franco flew from the Canary Islands to Spanish Morocco in 1936 to start the insurrection against the Spanish Republic. It was

MELANIE L. PFLAUM, who contributed "Franco's Spain" to the January 1948 *MERCURY*, is a former foreign correspondent in Spain, Central Europe and the Balkans. She is currently working as a free-lance writer.

March who financed the Insurgents and, with German and Italian cooperation, secured their victory. To-day the Franco régime might be overturned by a *coup d'état*, with relative ease, but the thick tentacles of March's control have wrapped themselves so tightly around Spanish shipping, finance and industry that nothing short of a social revolution would pry them loose.

A financial *condottiere*, like the early Goulds and Vanderbilts, March believes there is only one way to handle competition, and that is to eliminate it entirely. What he wants is monopoly. The tobacco monopoly, the petroleum monopoly and the Mediterranean traffic between the Balearic Islands and the mainland are his. Formerly, when you went to Palma de Mallorca you had to go on Mr. March's boat. Now you have a choice: if you like, you may now go on Mr. March's plane.

Today Juan March owns 500 million tons of Catalonian potash, the largest natural source in the world of this indispensable industrial and agricultural chemical. He owns banks, railroads, olive and almond groves, wine-making companies, soap-manufacturing plants and the bulk of all Mediterranean shipping. His brokerage firms handle the sale of grains, oranges, lemons and almonds grown in Spain, and his ships carry these products to their destinations in Stockholm, Liverpool or Marseilles.

In Mallorca, he owns most of the fertile land and the business property,

the hotels and the public utilities. What he does not own is mortgaged to him, *i.e.*, to one of the three March banks in Mallorca. There is another in Ibiza and still another in Valencia. He owns the drydocks and shipyards of Valencia and Cartagena. And the London branch of March Interests, Inc., is the broker for all trade and shipping between Spain and Great Britain. No man in modern times has ever held such absolute control over the economy of a nation as Juan March holds over the economy of Spain. He is a one-man cartel.

II

Juan March started as low down on the social scale as is possible in Mallorca — as the son of an impoverished fisherman. (The peasants are relatively prosperous on that fertile island.) He had no education. Until his late forties he could neither read nor write; now he can do both, though only with great effort. But he had a natural ability with figures, and has always been able to multiply large numbers mentally.

Being bright as well as ambitious, he realized at about the age of ten that there was no future to being a fisherman unless one had a sideline. The sideline he selected was smuggling tobacco.

On dark nights, he would row his dory out to where the large boats were anchored in the harbor. A member of the crew lowered a parcel containing cigarettes, pipe tobacco and snuff down by a rope. March

rowed his small cargo to a cove, where he disposed of it to the *contrabandistas*. Thus the tobacco was sold, tax-free, and a nice profit was made by everybody except the Spanish government.

When he was fourteen, he became the errand boy and handyman for a wheat merchant in Palma, whom he managed to interest in the growing of tobacco in Morocco. With the money earned from his nocturnal activities, he speculated in wheat, and before long he owned a controlling share of the Moroccan tobaccan business. March, the tobacco-grower sold his tobacco at a profit to the government tobacco processors, while March the smuggler continued to fleece the government of its tax revenues.

Juan March bought several small cargo ships and a sugar refinery. He now divided himself three ways. March cargo ships carried March-grown tobacco from the mainland to the island. On the way, part of the cargo would be lost to March, the *contrabandista*. All three businesses — tobacco growing, shipping and smuggling — made money.

When the first World War broke out, Spain found neutrality highly profitable. The country sold food, textiles, mules and information to both sides. March was in a position to capitalize on this trade, for he was now in the shipping business and owned a small fleet of old cargo ships.

He is supposed to have insured his vessels and their cargoes at high

figures. They would be sunk. He collected the insurance money and bought more vessels. He sold olive oil and oranges to the French and British; then he would tip off German submarines to the routes of the vessels. The story is told of how one of March's captains, instead of following the straight course March had indicated to him, ran a zigzag route and arrived safely with his cargo in Marseilles. He was promptly fired.

March was altogether neutral. He sold oil to the German submarines, but it is said that only a few tanks were filled with petroleum; the rest was water. The German submarine crews never knew they had been cheated. As soon as they left the harbor, March informed British naval units at Gibraltar, who torpedoed the submarines. When the first World War ended, he was a rich man.

When Primo de Rivera came into power he accepted March's financial help in his campaign against the Riffs in Morocco. In return, March was granted the tobacco monopoly. Under de Rivera's Directorship, March again became twins. He now held the tobacco monopoly for Spanish Morocco, Ceuta, Melilla and the Protectorate. He sold French Moroccan tobacco, which was carried to Palma de Mallorca in March's own ships (while officials carefully looked the other way) and then transshipped to the mainland on other steamers. Thus March the *contrabandist* sold his tobacco to March the monopolist, and cornered the to-

bacco market "band and contraband."

It is said that when he was temporarily out of favor with Primo de Rivera, who was pledged to rid Spain of the *contrabandistas*, Juan March went to Paris. There he bought up a controlling interest in the tobacco monopoly — the *Compañía Arrendataria de Tabaccos* — for all of Spain and Spanish possessions everywhere. Returning to Madrid, he walked into the meeting of the directors of that company as one of the directors was denouncing him. March took his seat and listened attentively as the wretched man attempted to weasel-word out of what he had just said.

March now controlled both the legal and the illegal tobacco trade. The legal sale of the commodity was in his hands and the smuggled tobacco brought him additional revenue. If a foolhardy smuggler failed to pay a percentage to March, he found the *carabiniere* waiting for him the next time he brought his boat into some obscure grotto.

III

March began to expand his interests. He bought Mallorquin real estate just before the tourist boom hit the island. He also invested in sugar refineries, olive and orange groves, and shipyards. After the fall of Primo de Rivera, he was sometimes seen in the company of Queen Ena and Alfonso XIII. He was said to have a private fortune of 200 million pesetas. He was called *el yanqui* because of his ability to make money.

But although he was a welcome guest at the palace of the King and Queen of Spain, he was still unable to get into the aristocratic *Club Balear* — the equivalent of the Union League club in his home town of Palma de Mallorca. He still could not read or write, except to sign his name.

Further, besides being of lowly origin, he was a *chueta*, which means Jew in Mallorquin. This appellation has led American journalists to describe him as Jewish, and to express surprise that his constant crony was an old priest, with whom he played backgammon and chess. Actually, *chueta* refers only to the fact that in the sixteenth century, the ancestors of Juan March, who were Jewish, preferred conversion to exile. (The Inquisition gave them their choice.) So the March family has been Roman Catholic for 400 years. But the memories of Mallorquins are long, and to them certain names common in Spain, are *chueta* names. March is one such surname. (Franco is another.)

I was living in Mallorca when one of March's sons was married to the daughter of a titled family, then in reduced circumstances. "The Archbishop of Palma will perform the ceremony in the Cathedral, of course," an acquaintance of mine said. "But then, after all, the Archbishop is a *chueta* too." Hitler and Goebbels were novices; their Nuremberg laws went back only to great-grandparents.

Spanish society was too rigid to accept even the richest parvenu. Juan March might own all the valu-

able property on the island; he might control the elections — Mallorca was his pocket borough — but he could not get into the *Club Balear*, nor would the aristocrats invite him to dinner in their cold stone palaces on the Borne Boulevard.

He helped Primo de Rivera finance his Moroccan campaign. He helped King Alfonso financially, too. Whether or not he was personally loyal to the King is not clear. But when Indalecio Prieto, a Socialist editor and one of the leaders of the group who wanted to overturn the Monarchy, asked March for money, March turned him down. Perhaps March felt that his investments in Spain would be protected better under the Monarchy than under a Republic.

In the early thirties, several suits were brought against March. At one point he was accused of selling arms to the Riffs. But strange things happened to the witnesses; they became bored with life in Spain and migrated to America, where they were set up in business. Documents in the cases against him were inexplicably lost. Judges discovered that their health required an immediate change of climate. The cases dragged on, but nothing happened.

When the king decided to leave rather than risk civil war and bloodshed among his subjects, the new Republic sought to bring March to justice. On April 30, 1931, he was arrested on the charge of selling arms to the Moors during the Moroccan war. Enrique Iglesias, the Radical

Republican leader, was expelled from the Cortes on the charge of attempting bribery as March's agent under Primo de Rivera.

In the November elections, Juan March was elected deputy from Mallorca. (The laws allowed men under arrest to run for office.) But on November 7 he was tried before the Cortes on the smuggling charge, and on the eleventh he was expelled from the Chamber for "moral incompatibility."

March was now imprisoned in the ancient fortress of Alcala de Henares. He remained there for eighteen months, awaiting a judicial trial. Then he became impatient: he left the prison, taking the jailor and the guard with him in his limousine. They went to Gibraltar, and attempts at extradition proved fruitless. Shortly afterwards, he arrived in Marseilles.

For once, Juan March was something of a popular hero in Spain. His nonchalant escape delighted people of all classes, even those who disapproved of him socially. His case had been reviewed by the Court of Constitutional Guarantees but he had never been accorded a legal trial. Everyone knew why: the government was afraid to try him because it had no proof. The Madrid press (which, except for the *Heraldo* and *Ahora*, was owned by March) crowed with victory.

The Republican government annulled March's tobacco monopoly. He traveled in France, making business contacts, building up his shipping

interests and petroleum business. He bought into the great orange and olive companies of Spain. He was re-elected to the Cortes and in 1933, under the régime of Lerroux, he returned in quiet triumph to Spain. He was also elected to the Court of Constitutional Guarantees and granted immunity from arrest. In a test of strength with the Spanish Republic, he had emerged the winner.

March added petroleum refineries, municipal utilities in Madrid and Barcelona and Catalan textile plants to the many interests he already had. He began to acquire the bonds and stocks of railways, power plants and more newspapers. "I've so much money, I don't know how much I have," he is quoted as saying at this time.

When Manuel Azaña came into power as premier in 1936, March made a strategic retreat to Biarritz in France. Azaña was his bitterest personal enemy, and March had no desire to return to jail. The hatred between the two men was so great that on a previous occasion, when President Azaña had come on the Spanish flag-ship the *Jaime Primo* to the port of Palma for some special dedication service, he refused to land when he heard that he would be welcomed by Juan March as the Deputy from the Balearic Islands.

IV

It was Juan March who financed the military insurrection in July 1936. At first, the Generals who led the

revolt allowed him to give them money but had little to do with him personally. General Emilio Mola, who headed the revolt, snubbed him and Quiépo de Llano sneered at him publicly.

Only General Franco, who succeeded Mola as leader of the Insurgents after the latter's death in an airplane accident, seemed to appreciate that March could be useful to the Movement. Franco flew from the Canary Islands to Morocco in a plane March chartered for him.

As early as July 1936 March bought eighteen Italian transport planes and hired the pilots to ferry troops from Tetuan, Morocco, to the Spanish mainland. These troops came to the rescue of Quiépo de Llano, who had taken Seville with a handful of men and a brilliant bluff, but who could not hold it without a force of trained troops.

March knew that he had committed himself to the Insurgent cause. They *had* to win. He immediately placed at their disposal 5 million U. S. dollars, 10 million pesetas and 500,000 British pounds — all his liquid assets. This was not a loan; it was an outright gift. But March judged shrewdly the nature of the men with whom he was dealing. He knew that if they won, he would get back his money — and more.

Juan March & Co. was organized in England. This company, headed by Señor Mayoraga, 19 Fenchurch St., London, was given control of all Spain's trade relations, imports,

exports and credits, with the British Empire and the rest of the world. The March interests in Spain were used as security for the credits advanced. Across the street, at 20 Fenchurch St., the firm of J. M. Kleinwort did the bookkeeping on Spanish Civil War finances.

On April 9, 1937, March arrived in Naples. On the 11th, he arranged with Count Ciano in Rome for further aid to the rebels, for despite the guns, tanks, planes and pilots — not to mention men — that had been furnished them by Germany and Italy, they had not yet managed to win the Spanish Civil War.

Meanwhile, the Loyalist government had confiscated March's Mediterranean Steamship Company as a war measure. March's tobacco and petroleum monopolies were also confiscated. In France, leftist members of the Chamber of Deputies insisted that March should be expelled from his palatial residence in Biarritz, from which they claimed he was directing the Civil War.

They were wrong. He was merely financing it.

It was March who arranged the barter agreements between Spain and Germany and Spain and Italy, by which Spain supplied these countries with agricultural commodities and minerals in exchange for bombers, fighting planes, ammunition, artillery, bombs and shells. For a while the going was tough. March spent some \$50 million of his own money. That hurt. But it put him in solidly

with General Franco; and March was now so deeply committed that he had to make certain Franco won.

March went to Portugal and helped arrange the "friendly" neutrality of the dictator Salazar, by which mercenaries or volunteers on their way to join the Insurgent forces became invisible to the border guards. He was active, traveling back and forth from Rome, Berlin and Lisbon, and keeping the stream of money and supplies pouring in to Franco's armies. He dickered; he made deals; he purchased; he made promises to Mussolini and Hitler. He did this as a private citizen, without a title; he was merely financial advisor to the Burgos government.

But he did not return to Spain, for despite his activities on their behalf the Falangists did not like him. (Like the Nazis, the Falangists expressed a hostility for "bourgeois capitalism.") Neither did the Carlists, who would not admit to themselves that their "Holy Crusade" depended on the vulgar riches of an illiterate, low-born *chueta*. And Spanish Army officers disliked everyone who was not a *militar*. In Loyalist Spain, hatred of March seemed at times to amount almost to an obsession. The beautiful actress, Tina de Jorque, was murdered in government territory, apparently for no other reason than that she was March's mistress.

In the spring of 1939 the war ended. March waited discreetly in France for a time before returning to Spain. After the "gifts" he had made to

the Franco government, he now held a virtual mortgage on the entire economy of Spain.

He put this to use almost immediately. When the second World War broke out, March went back into the business of selling to both sides. He sold oranges, sardines, textiles, minerals and olive oil to both the allies and the axis. Both sides made a practice of buying not only what they required themselves, but also materials for which they would have no conceivable use, but which they wished to keep away from the enemy. British and German agents bid against one another for cork, tungsten, tin, mercury, lead, olives, wool, fruit and, particularly, olive oil. March, who had interests in all these commodities, made more fortunes.

Mallorca became a center of espionage for both sides. And all the agents, with their unlimited funds, stayed at March's hotels. Business was good. Italian pilots, German submarine crews, Gestapo officers on vacation with their mistresses, British intelligence officers—the clientele was rather strange, but it paid well.

v

Today Juan March holds no public office, although he has made two visits to Portugal (in 1943 and 1945) and arranged for trade agreements with that country. He has no official government post. He still has no title or military rank.

But at long last, Juan Albert March has achieved his goal. He has made

good, socially, in his home town of Palma de Mallorca. He is now a member of the *Club Balear*. Both of his sons married into aristocratic families who were in financial difficulties.

Today he is courted and fawned over by the same *Marquesas* and *Duquesas* who used to laugh at his diction and peasant manners. All the old Mallorquin mansions are open to him now. After all, there are sons' futures to think of. And business and financial opportunities lie in the hands of Juan March. Besides, his political influence is such that no one would dare offend him today. Times have changed.

In the summer of 1947 I returned to Mallorca for the first time in a decade. Between the soft pinkish stone of the Cathedral of Palma and the gray stone of the Governor's residence, an enormous structure was being completed. I watched landscape artists and plasterers putting the finishing touches to a white marble and stucco palace that extends for several city blocks. It is a Graeco-Roman, Italian Renaissance, Byzantine atrocity, like nothing else among the graceful, ancient buildings around it.

This is the new home of Juan March, the visible symbol of his social success—a house on the Borne (now Avenida Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera).

Agents of Juan March have been buying up works of art in all the galleries of Europe. The new March palace will house paintings by Titian,

Van Dyck, Rubens and Fra Lippo Lippi, bronze statues by Donatello. Whether this art-purchasing campaign is inspired by a desire to live up to his newly acquired social position or whether March is shrewdly investing his pesetas in the one commodity that does not lose value, no one knows.

Over a decade ago, I first saw Juan March, drinking coffee in the Hotel Mediterraneo in El Terreno, Mallorca. He was a portly man, with strong shoulders and a long neck. He has a hawklike nose and a receding chin; he looks like a bird of prey. It was a sweltering hot day, but March was dressed in a heavy black cloth suit and did not appear warm. Instead there was a cold, clammy look to his yellowing skin, his thin pale lips. His sharp eyes darted about the dining room suspiciously.

Few people have ever seen his wife. She was a large, black-haired woman who kept herself carefully out of

sight. This is frequently the case in Spain. Neither of the March sons has been in the limelight, either. Where they were and what they did during the Civil War is a matter of conjecture. But it is certain that they will inherit the largest financial empire in Europe.

Today, Juan March is the most powerful man in Spain. He owns everything worth owning. He has outlasted a Monarchy, a Directorship and a Republic; and he may well outlast the Dictatorship of General Franco. He has gained the social recognition for which he yearned. And no matter what happens, he continues to make money, to enlarge his network of commercial ventures.

He can now look back over his career and find it good. If you asked him the secret of his success, he would reply that it was due to hard work, perseverance and honesty. And he wouldn't even smile when he said it.

JACK O'LANTERN

BY ULRICH TROUBETZKOY

What pixie vegetable is this
 That grins with impish mockery?
 Some farmer surely was remiss!
 What pixie vegetable is this
 Enchanted bagatelle of Dis
 For candle-lighted sorcery?
 What pixie vegetable is this
 That grins with impish mockery?

JESUS AND LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

BY ALAN DEVOE

IN OUR day of general bewilderment and anxiety, now when we are moved with an uncommon earnestness to re-examine ourselves and our universe and our values, it is natural and proper that the more articulate devotees of the Christian religion should be coming forward in strength to plead the Christian version of the truth.

They are indeed doing so. The credentials of Christianity are being widely presented, in books and periodicals. There is an audience for apologetics which did not exist in any of our eras of fat complacency. It is not necessary now to wait until a man is sick in bed, or until the stock market has blown up in his face, to get a chance to murmur to him that he is something very small and creaturely and contingent; and that possibly there is a larger allegiance required of a man than devotion to his individual immediacies; and that an allegedly historical Figure who participated in human events some twenty centuries ago may perhaps offer startling clues along these lines. No, it is not now necessary to wait for some catastrophic chance to secure

an audience for this. For we are already, so to speak, sick in bed. We are a-tremble under the shadow of The Bomb. We are bereft of any easy confidence in the security of money. We will listen.

I have been reading a good many of the pleadings of the Christian case, now being offered to a world so peculiarly prepared to be receptive. In many of them there is a high and powerful eloquence. In many of them there is the beautiful strictness of expert logic, expertly presented. I have found admirable persuasions based on the truths of psychology and the findings of psychiatry; cogent arguments drawn in the lean, hard Thomist manner; excellent pleas employing every sort of skilled analogy and apt illustration. But I have not anywhere found any Christian writer touching upon the one matter that I think involves incomparably the greatest impediment to many honest men's being able to listen with open minds to the Christian claims at all.

This has seemed to me so very much too bad that I have ventured to speak to several ministers and priests about it. Without exception, they have

ALAN DEVOE contributes "*Down to Earth*" to the MERCURY. He is a well-known writer and naturalist whose latest book, *Speaking of Animals*, was published a year ago.

blinked at me in astonishment, and indicated that they had never known such a matter to be brought up before; and then most of them have managed a slow, wan smile and have said that of course I was no doubt joking. (And not, it might be suspected, in very good taste.)

But I have not been joking; and I am not now writing this in any mischievous spirit. I am writing in full seriousness, as one who wants to see the Christian case for the divinity of Jesus listened to with fair-mindedness and a clear candor. I am convinced that a great many men cannot weigh the Christian claim in anything like this spirit of openness and honesty, simply because of the one fatal impediment which no Christian writers ever seem to touch upon and which my clerical friends deemed so odd and trivial-minded a consideration when I mentioned it to them.

II

The thing I am talking about is the matter of the physical appearance of Jesus. I am talking about the look of the Lord. I will explain what I mean.

When I was a schoolboy I was told that once upon a time there had been a fine and honorable man named Abraham Lincoln. He had been a tower of strength, this Lincoln; a good and grave and great man, a major servant of this land and people. When I saw a picture of Abraham Lincoln, I could immediately believe it. No boy, nor man, could look on the likeness of that craggy face, grave,

candid and compassionate, and not feel at once that here was one who was rich in integrity and in understanding.

It was the same way with George Washington. Of *course* he had been the father of his country. Why, he could have cowed the British with that chin alone. He could have just *stared* them into defeat, with those commanding and serenely confident eyes. It was the same thing all over again with Daniel Boone or John James Audubon or Henry Clay or any of the other monumental heroes presented for my respect. They looked their parts. The majesty and competence of them were written on their countenances. They had been great men, I was told; and I looked upon their likenesses; and there could be no mistake about it.

That was the experience of school. But the experience of Sunday School was something shockingly otherwise.

There was told to me in Sunday School the tale of a Figure for whom was made an infinitely more enormous claim than for any of the others, the mere frail mortals, who had been held to be worth admiring. *This* awesome figure, this mind-shattering Jesus, had been none other than the incarnation of the very Power at the Back of Beyond. The Everlasting Spirit that created all the worlds, and that made singing birds and furry raccoons and the glory of the rain and the wonder of the sun, had taken on man-form and come visiting our earth; and this Jesus was he.

And here were the pictures of him.

There was revealed a pale and posturing person, with immoderately long silky hair tumbling Swinburne-style over his shoulders, who clutched a kind of diaphanous drapery gracefully about him and looked out upon the universe with an expression of simpering vapidty.

This was Jesus. This was the star-maker, the world-maker, the Infinite Strength.

It was into this hand, so unmistakably the limp and clammy hand of an effeminate curate, that little boys were to put theirs trustingly. It was out of that sick-sweet simpering mouth that we were to believe there had proceeded the wisdom that shaped the creation of the earth. This was the pietistic poseur — the very spit of every disgusting little “teacher’s pet” who ever deserved to have the priggishness walloped out of him in a brisk session behind the schoolhouse — that we were to take as the earthly evidence of what The Everlasting God is like.

I sometimes think it is a wonder we are not a race of 100 per cent implacable atheists.

It has taken me more than thirty years to be able to read or hear the name of Jesus or the name of God without an instant vision — rising as barrier to prevent my paying any serious attention — of that waxen-faced figure with the swirling coiffure and the pale neurotic hands. It has taken years of resolute conscious effort really to realize the tremendous

fact that the historical accounts of Jesus say nothing about what he looked like; and that we are heartily justified in being certain that, whatever the look of the Lord may have been, it was nothing resembling the pallid prig created by ages of morbid pietizing and bad painting.

My clerical friends do not seem to believe that many men can actually be put off from considering the possibility of the truth of the Christian credentials by any such trivial thing as a wrong mental picture of the appearance of Christianity’s central figure. But I do not think it is a trivial thing; and I think its effect in repelling men is vast.

III

We are not rigorous-minded logicians. We are thinkers in pictures. It is a familiar truth to all propagandists that one of the most effective ways to discredit a man’s ideas, or to minimize his authority and power, is to create a contemptible picture of him. We used to do it during the recent war. When we feared that some Americans might succumb to the spell of the thundering oratory of the master of Berchtesgaden, we let the rumor be spread that this powerful-sounding dictator was actually a mincing hand-on-hip homosexual. We encouraged a picture of him as a quivering hysteric, who in moments of stress fell on his face and chewed the carpets. We did a similar thing with regard to the Emperor of Japan. To cancel the Japanese propaganda-picture of him as a

personage of stateliness and godliness, we depicted him as a monkey-sized absurdity with buck teeth the size of piano keys. It is an inelegant business; but it is hugely powerful.

I can imagine some rude robust pagan, who had been led by a missionary all along the steps of Christian assent without ever having been shown a likeness of Jesus, and upon whom some active atheist then suddenly thrust one of our usual depictions of the incarnation of Him Who holds the stars. "There!" the atheist would happily cry, "*that* is the one you are being asked to bow before in holy awe!" I perceive the disheartened savage rushing post-haste into the forest fastnesses to get his medicine-bundle and resume a rip-roaring devotion to his old Mighty Manitou.

The New Testament contains, as said, no word of description of the appearance of Jesus. But it tells us enough about the manner of his speech and the habits of his days to give us at least the surety that he was not frail, not pale, not piously smirking, not actorishly barbered and finical. He was one who spoke homely and strong. He talked about things like animals and birds and plants, about sparrows, fruits, the rain, the dawn and the evening . . . things like that. He was one who strode powerfully over the hills, and who loved gardens, and who liked to use his hands and who knew how to get on with fishermen. We may take it that he loved the look of the stars, and the smell of the earth, and the

glitter of sunlight on the sea. It is the Christian theory, after all, that he made them.

Where is our picture of that Jesus? Where is our picture of the Jesus who, if he had a beard, must surely have had at least as honest and forthright a beard as Abraham Lincoln's, and not this dreadful foppish silky thing? Where is our picture of this Maker of the Hills which shall show his eyes at least as hill-serene as John James Audubon's? Where is our Jesus who shall look as though he really knew something about the barns and the foxes and the winds and the harvests that he was always talking about?

It is a beguiling thought, though perhaps fanciful, that one of our modern corporate patrons of the arts — one of those cola companies or tobacco companies that find an advertising value in sponsoring painting competitions — might undertake to stage a competition for a Christian painting. There would need, I think, to be a rule about the judging. The judges would have to be laymen, and perhaps preferably non-Christian laymen. It might not be a bad idea if they were to be a jury of farmers and fishermen. Such ones as that might know Jesus when they saw him. And such a picture as they might choose . . . it could perhaps help the proponents of Christianity in our day, I verily believe, more than all the earnest essays in apologetics in all the periodicals.

That is all fanciful, to be sure. But it does lie open to our ministers and

Christian apologists, at least, to create a new picture in words of the founder of their faith. They can remind us that when they ask us to believe in him, they are not asking us to give our hearts to that ineffable beard, those fluttering hands, those movie-star lashes. They can remind us that no word exists to tell us what in truth he looked like, but that in all the gospels there is an enormous clue. As he strode upon his divine errands, as he spoke in the sturdy imagery of the birds and beasts and forests of his beloved world, there was ever the quality about him of a huge healthiness, a strength and a simplicity. The odor of sanctity that was around him,

we may be certain, was such a clean strong message as balsam-shavings give, or the tansy-bright meadow on a summer morning.

The Christian apologists could be saying all this to us in a great voice, and dinning it into us. I wish they would. Unless and until they do, there persists our old picture of Jesus; and I gravely fear that all the powers of religious persuasion cannot prevail against *that*. For a man may be led to Christian truth if he supposes there is a Lord worth finding; but he cannot be made even to listen to the arguments if he is pre-convinced that all the arguments lead only to Lord Fauntleroy.

NO ALMANAC FOR HAPPINESS

BY SJANNA SOLUM

Strange how a frost may linger in the heart,
Despite mid-summer bursting into bloom!
Here pallid roses slowly fall apart
And shed their petals, leaving no perfume;
There is no warmth to any amber light
From copper suns — nor yet reality
To red-winged blackbirds, vocal with delight,
Which soar from tree to heavy, dreaming tree.

Yet, there are moments when the heart must know
The radiance of summer in stark air,
Discerning roses blossoming in snow
And unseen birds in trees grown winter-bare.
There is no calendar, no rhyme nor reason,
Which can foretell the heart's own summer-season.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That South America is the land of golden opportunity

The myth of the potential riches of Latin America would have been exploded long ago by the sight of the poverty of most of its inhabitants had it not been supported by the complementary myth of our own moral and intellectual superiority. Yanqui visitors were complacently willing to assume that a hundred million or so people could starve in the midst of plenty merely for lack of their own ingenuity and drive.

In *Harper's* for June 1948 Mr. William Vogt, Chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan-American Union, dispels this mirage that has burdened so many high school and college curriculums. All except three or four Latin-American countries, he regretfully points out, are overpopulated. There is comparatively little arable land south of the Rio Grande and that little is dreadfully eroded, leached and exhausted. There are some mineral resources, but not too many. The physical climate is not

favorable and the cultural climate less so. It is Mr. Vogt's considered opinion that there is no possibility of South Americans achieving a living standard equal to our own.

It is well to have this documented. Maybe now we will stop compelling hundreds of thousands of school children to stumble and mumble over a few wretched pages of elementary Spanish under the illusion that any one who can conjugate *hablar* has only to go to Buenos Aires or to Rio to find a fortune awaiting him.

That coffee grounds "cut" grease

If one may judge from reports from points as widely separated as Boston, Dayton, Chicago, New Orleans and Los Angeles, American housewives pay a pretty penny annually because of their delusion that coffee grounds "cut" grease and therefore should be dumped in the sink.

Speaking for his harassed profession, Mr. John Cahill, the well-known Chicago plumber, dismisses the belief in vigorous language. Grounds mix

with the grease and clog up the drain, that's all, he says. Most of the time the ensuing mulch will be washed on down, but if there is any obstruction it at once clogs up. It is particularly harmful, he says, in summer when families go away for a vacation, leaving a last deposit of coffee grounds and bacon grease in the pipes. During their absence this often hardens into a compound so impenetrable that it can't be rodded out and in consequence the pipes have to be taken out.

That there was a public outcry when President Fillmore put bathtubs in the White House

President Truman, in the course of defending the new back porch he wanted on the White House, was quoted as saying that many changes had been made in the White House, by various occupants, and that all had been greeted with indignation. Mrs. Fillmore, he said, "was almost lynched" when she put in the first bathtubs. (*Time*, January 26, 1948, p. 17.)

This statement passed unnoticed in the many editorials on the subject but to lovers of hoaxes it was more important than all the porches, piazzas, balconies or verandahs with which the White House could ever be festooned, for it marked either the end or the complete triumph of the most successful journalistic jape ever perpetrated.

That President Fillmore installed the first bathtubs in the White House

and that his so doing provoked a storm of popular indignation was first stated by H. L. Mencken in his famous — and fictitious — history of the bathtub in the New York *Evening Mail* for December 28, 1917. This yarn, intended as no more than a passing whimsy, was solemnly accepted as a fact (despite its author's public and passionate protest) and has been reprinted in government bulletins, social histories, health reports, encyclopedias and other vast and voluminous compendia of misinformation. It must add at once to the author's triumph and despair that it has finally been issued from the White House itself.

Mr. Truman has a campaign issue ready made. If he is right he will, as "the man who refuted Mencken," have the Bible Belt sewed up. If he is wrong, he can appeal for the support of fellow victims who by now, among lay and learned, must surely amount to enough to swing the election.

Mr. Truman's ascription of the installation to Mrs. Fillmore is interesting. According to what meager data there is, she seems to have been a strong-minded woman who might well have taken such an initiative. Fillmore himself, though obscure, was by no means a nonentity. He was active in getting an adequate water supply for Washington and even in his Presidential days was a vigorous volunteer fireman. His chief claim to admiration, however, rests on his *refusal* of an honorary degree from

Oxford on the astonishing grounds that he was not a learned man and that the conferring of a doctorate upon him would be a mockery! On the centennial anniversary of this noble utterance, due to take place in a few years, all college commencement exercises should be suspended in commemoration.

That college girls are hot stuff

In nothing is the wish more likely to be father to the thought than in estimates of the sexual conduct of others. Libidinousness is rarely ascribed to any group that does not excite the libidinousness of the ascriber. College girls are above the average in attractiveness, or at least in the publicity focussed on their attractiveness, and from the time of John Held, Jr. on they have popularly been thought to be deliciously (and/or depravedly) amoral.

Those who have spent their lives in close association with college students and given the matter much thought have long been of the opinion that college students are *less* adventurous sexually than those of their contemporaries who are not in college. The question is not one that lends itself to laboratory investigation, but it is a matter of great satisfaction to find that the Kinsey Report supports the negative. Professor Kinsey and his associates concluded, after interrogating 12,000 men and boys in various ranks of society, that sexual activity among college students is much less than

among their contemporaries whose evenings are not taken up with homework.

That giant clams seize unwary pearl divers and drown them

A recent film, *South of Pago Pago*, not content with Mr. Victor McLaglen in one of his more villainous rôles, presents the terrifying spectacle of an unfortunate pearl diver caught in the snapping jaws of a giant clam and held until he had drowned.

It may be that men have been so caught, but one suspects that like other underwater horrors it has happened more often in literature than in life. Mr. Otis Barton, writing from his own experience, in the June 1948 *Atlantic*, says:

If one passes between the sun and the clam, the valves pull quickly together, closing the opening between them to about six inches. To close the giant trap completely, the clam must draw in its mantle all the way; and this takes time, a matter of perhaps two or three minutes.

He grants that a diver might get his leg caught in one of these clams "if he were off balance or stepping backward" and mentions the "legend" of men being so caught and drowned. But a diver would surely have to be a somnambulist not to feel the fleshy mantle of the clam and withdraw his foot in time. Men who because of dropsy or bad hearts had edematous ankles exceeding six inches in diameter would, of course, be at something of a disadvantage.

SMART AS A PONY

A STORY

BY JOHN BELL CLAYTON

I HAD a cranky old bachelor second cousin once-removed, named Arch McCausland, who was fairly well-to-do but pretty eccentric. He lived in a rundown Colonial house on top of a hill overlooking the railroad station in a village down the valley from our farm. One day when I was seventeen years old and had just finished high school he sent word by the mail carrier for me to come down there and see him. If I'd known what he wanted I'm not sure I would have gone.

Cousin Arch's house was not only rundown — it was very bare inside. He had only one chair in the place and that was drawn up before the dormer windows in the living room and he sat in that one all day long eating crackers from a plate in his lap and muttering about the loafers down around the railroad station.

I asked him why he didn't put some shades and curtains up over his windows. He asked me what windows were for.

I said, "To let the light in."

"All right," he said. "Then why cover them up?"

I said, "Why don't you put some carpets on your floors?"

"What are floors for?" he grunted.

I said, "To walk on."

"All right," he snapped, "that settles it."

I wasn't quite sure how that settled it and I asked him why he didn't get another chair. He said he'd get another chair when I got intelligent enough to sit and talk to him. I asked him how he expected me to do that. He said I'd be intelligent enough to talk to after I'd been to college. I told him I didn't have any idea of going to college and becoming intelligent; I was going to be a newspaperman. He said he was growing lonely in life and wanted somebody intelligent to talk to. He said he had decided to send me to college and that settled it.

So Cousin Arch put up the money and I went on over across the Blue Ridge to Cavalier University that is supposed to be the most snobbish college in the United States except Princeton. I used to see fellows driving around in big foreign-make right-hand-drive cars and I'd have other

JOHN BELL CLAYTON won first prize in the 1947 O. Henry fiction awards. He is a former reporter and publicity man who attended the University of Virginia.

fellows pointed out to me as the sons of multi-millionaires. I don't remember anybody being there by the name of Vanderbilt or Gould or Morgan at the time I was there, but I remember a du Pont and a Whitney and I think maybe one Rockefeller — I'm not sure about the Rockefeller; I could check up on that.

I was going to school there with all these du Ponts and Whitneys and I believe an Astor and maybe this Rockefeller and I felt like somebody had left the gate open and I'd just strayed in there by mistake. I mean most of those fellows were dressed up in the height of fashion and I had on an old cap with a long bill that kept flopping down over my eyes and I just couldn't seem to get into the swing of things. I think that cap bill kept me confused most of the time. Those other fellows named du Pont and Whitney not only had the advantage of wealth and good upbringing over me — they had clear vision.

The campus had a lot of mellow buildings with ivy on them and the president of the university, Dr. Skipworth, lived in a big brick mansion in a grove of oak trees on the top of a hill. It was the biggest house I'd ever seen up until that time. It must have had twenty-five or thirty rooms in it. I was lonely and I'd walk up there at night and stand outside looking through the tall windows with about the worst longing in my heart I've ever known. The place would be full of men wearing tuxedos and women wearing stylish evening gowns and

the chandeliers sparkled in a way that made the mansion look as if it were filled with diamonds. I'd stand out there on the pavement alone making up stories to myself about being invited to those parties.

President Skipworth was an imposing man with batwing collars and a cane he'd waggle at nearly everybody he met. During the time I was at this university he wagged his cane at me several times but I never could decide whether he was greeting me or indicating for me to get out of his way.

II

I stayed around there three years but I never got invited to any of the parties. I never even got invited to join one of the fraternities. Come to think of it, I never got invited to anything except some kind of fish fry sponsored by the Baptist Young Students Group which was cancelled on account of rain. I just lived in an old three-story rooming house down on Fourteenth Street and spent most of my time studying to become intelligent or shooting pool with a medical student named Sachs. He used to beat me but he was the only one around that college who could and the only reason he could was because he insisted I wear that big-billed cap of mine when I shot with him and I never could half see.

Anyway, I stayed around there until one day I got a message from home telling me Cousin Arch was dead. They said they discovered he was dead when the old colored servant

who brought him his crackers saw he hadn't touched the last three plates he had on his lap. So I went to the newspaper in the town where this university was located and applied to a man named Mr. Harrington for a job writing a column like Walter Lippmann's. He said he wouldn't even hire Lippmann. He said the paper hadn't taken on but one new column since the Civil War and it was a mistake when they did that. I asked him whose column it was. He said Calvin Coolidge's and they didn't want any more. I think he'd read that one somewhere. He asked me if I wanted to try out as a reporter. I told him I'd try it. He asked me if I'd been going to college. I told him yes.

He said, "Well, I'll give you a chance anyway. We're short-handed."

So he sent me on back up to this college to try to find news. I'd poke around into all the different departments and schools and when I wasn't doing that I was listening to a lecture by some foreign notable on what was wrong with America. I heard one of the Huxleys and André Siegfried and Count Hermann Keyserling and Kerensky and some other fellow that somehow got off the track and gave a corker of a talk on the curculio moth. It seems to me now that that talk got mixed into the series by mistake, but it toned up the whole season.

I remember especially a lecture by a kind of crusty old duck who looked like Bertrand Russell. I'm not sure but what it was Bertrand Russell, but maybe it was the first name that was

Russell. I'd have to check the newspaper files on that. He said the trouble with us Americans was that we were cynical. He kept on saying it over and over in different ways. I listened to him for about an hour and a half and I got about half mad because he never told us what we could do about it. I wrote a story about it for the paper and the next day I went around to his hotel and tried to get him to tell us what we could do about it. He was sitting on the side of his bed and had on a plug hat and a pair of overshoes and had an umbrella in his hand. He said he didn't have time to give me an interview. I asked him if he wasn't kind of cynical himself. He said, "Why?"

I said, "Sitting around in a hotel room on a sunny day wearing overshoes and with an umbrella in your hand."

He said the umbrella was to hit impertinent reporters with. I asked him what he was doing wearing the overshoes. He wanted to know how I thought he sneaked up on the reporters.

Anyway, I wrote a story about his plug hat and his umbrella and his overshoes and that was a better story than the first one. It was better than his speech too. I mean I wrote a lot of things like that and went to a lot of lectures — I guess maybe it was up in the hundreds — and I was getting more intelligent all the time and I guess I'd still be going to them if it hadn't been for a thing that discouraged me.

III

I hadn't ever got invited up to President Skipworth's mansion even after I got to be a regular reporter on this afternoon newspaper at a salary of twelve dollars a week and once in a while got to write an editorial squib. I wasn't the regular editorial writer; that was Mr. Harrington, who was the managing editor and the editorial writer and also the make-up man and a kind of city editor and telegraph editor too.

But one day he wrote out on the assignment book a thing that kind of startled me because it said:

"Clayton. Party. Skipworth Mansion. 2:30 P.M."

I leaned over his desk and put my finger on the assignment book and said, "What does this mean?"

Mr. Harrington said, "President Skipworth wants you to come to a formal party at his house tomorrow afternoon."

I said, "Did he invite me personally?"

Mr. Harrington said, "Yep, yep. Sure thing. You bet."

I said, "How come? I went to school up there three years and I never got invited to any of those parties."

Mr. Harrington looked up from the thirty-point Cheltenham condensed italic headline he was trying to write and said, "What? Oh! Well, your position in life has improved."

That made me feel pretty good. I told a lot of people that afternoon and that night and the next morning

about my position in life being improved and about my being invited to a party at President Skipworth's mansion. Maybe I got the swell head about it a little; I don't know. I hadn't ever had anything of that kind happen to me before. The fellows down around the police station and the pool room said I was getting the swell head about it.

Anyway, I bought a new necktie, a plain blue one, down at Barth's, and put it on the next day and got on the streetcar and went on up to President Skipworth's mansion and knocked on the door and a maid came to the door and I told her who I was and she ushered me into this mansion.

Miss Bacon, President Skipworth's secretary, who knew me because I went to see her for news every day, greeted me and took me into the parlor and sat me down beside the head of the geology department. There were a lot of big people sitting there in the parlor on rows of these folding chairs like you see in undertaking parlors. I didn't see any of the du Ponts or Vanderbilts or Morgans or anybody like that but the professor of sociology was there and the dean of men and a red-headed history professor who was suspected of being a socialist and some very fancy blonde who looked like she might have a fancy house of her own. It was a very auspicious affair. In fact I said to Miss Bacon, "I cannot thank President Skipworth too deeply for inviting me as a guest to this very auspicious affair."

Miss Bacon said, "Not at all. Not at all. I'm sure President Skipworth has intended having you here for a long time."

President Skipworth was sitting up near the front talking to some people I didn't know and pretty soon he arose and turned to us and said:

"My friends, I have a little surprise for you."

Then he sat back down.

Right away a fellow came running into the parlor from the dining room and right behind him trotted a pony with a plume in his mane and some kind of red harness with something in it that jangled like Christmas bells. Everybody applauded except the red-headed history professor who leaned forward with his eyes popped out. I heard him say under his breath, "What in the name of —!"

The pony stopped in the doorway and took a bow. We all applauded again and the pony bowed again. I guess that would have kept up until dark but the fellow that had charge of the pony brought in a kind of big metal rack with a lot of numbers on it and set it up in the middle of the parlor floor.

I asked the red-headed history professor if the pony lived there.

He said, "I'm chore I don't know. I think old Skipworth has popped some of his buttons."

The man that had charge of the pony cleared his throat and said:

"Now, Pimento will do a difficult problem in addition." He smiled and turned to Pimento and said, "Pi-

mento, show the ladies and gentlemen what three numbers added up will give the sum of eighteen. Go ahead, Pimento."

Pimento rose to the occasion. He switched his head, reached over with his teeth and took the numbers eight, seven and three and trotted out of the room with his bells jangling.

You should have heard the applause.

The red-headed history professor leaned over to Miss Bacon and whispered, "Has Skippy finally lost *all* of his apples?"

Miss Bacon regarded him rather impatiently and asked if he knew who Pimento belonged to. The red-headed history professor said no he was definitely chore he didn't know.

"Philip T. Bogardus," said Miss Bacon.

"Who is Philip T. Bogardus?" asked the red-headed history professor.

"The financier," said Miss Bacon.

"The one who is going to endow the new physiology department?"

"The one we *hope* is going to endow the new physiology department."

"Does this go with it?"

"Mr. Bogardus is very proud of Pimento," said Miss Bacon carefully.

"I think Skippy's shoelaces have become twisted," said the red-headed history professor.

"Mr. Bogardus is *very* proud of Pimento," said Miss Bacon.

"Wouldn't do to hurt his feelings, eh?" said the red-headed history professor. "I'll be —"

And then Pimento came back and showed us how to subtract and multiply and even — by God! — divide. I wondered if things like that went on in the Skipworth mansion all the time.

IV

When I got back to the office, Mr. Harrington asked me what kind of a time I had had. I said a fine time and I was very glad my position in life had improved to the point —

He said, "Good. Write a bang-up story about it. Give it dignity."

I said, "A bang-up story about what?"

He said, "A bang-up story about the whole affair. If Bogardus likes the write-up on Pimento he will come through with the money for that new physiology department."

I said I didn't know how to write bang-up stories about things like that. I said he'd need some high-paid writer to write a thing like that. I said I only got twelve dollars a week and my specialty was automobile accidents and Kiwanis Club luncheons — sad things. He said it would be a sad thing if I didn't write a good bang-up story about this reception or whatever you call it and give it plenty of dignity.

I said all right — I'd try. I sat down, thought a while and wrote out this lead:

A pony named Pimento today showed the president of the university and the heads of the principal departments how to add, subtract, multiply and even divide.

There's some talk that he'll be given the chair of mathematics. . . .

I didn't get very far with that one. I tried about a half dozen other leads. I don't remember them all. I remember the one that began:

I finally got invited to President Skipworth's mansion today. An educated pony was also a guest. . . .

Mr. Harrington wadded that one up and threw it back at me.

There was another one that started out:

The way to be acclaimed in this world is to be a rich man's pony.

That was a wild one that didn't get anywhere at all.

I sat there over an hour sweating and trying to write that lead. Mr. Harrington got mad because I couldn't write a simple bang-up story with dignity to it. He said any good reporter could sit down and write a good clean sincere story of that kind in three minutes. The more I fumbled and fiddled around the madder Mr. Harrington got. He said I didn't have as much sense as the pony. He said I better take a week off without pay. I felt kind of bad about the whole business — finally getting invited up there to that mansion and then losing a week's work and a week's pay because of it.

I still think I had as much sense as that damn pony. However, he was a Shetland. I'll have to bear that in mind.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR CEREBRAL PALSY

BY HOWARD A. RUSK, M.D.

ON THE cover of a small leaflet distributed by a parents' group in New York City there is a picture of a bright-eyed, alert boy of four playing with a set of educational toys. Except for the short leg braces barely visible in the picture, it might be any normal child in a pre-school nursery. But Mike is not a normal child. His speech is garbled and indistinct, he has difficulty in walking, and his hands falter as he plays with the toys, for Mike is one of the nearly 200,000 children in the United States who suffer from cerebral palsy.

Through the excellent work of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and the National Tuberculosis Association, most of us are familiar with the primary medical, social and economic aspects of these two diseases. Until recently, however, when the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, along with local parents' groups, started campaigns for these forgotten children, few persons were familiar with even

the name cerebral palsy. Its victims, mistakenly but commonly called "spastics," are almost as numerous as children with poliomyelitis or tuberculosis. Frequently they are worse off.

To the neurologist, cerebral palsy is a neuro-muscular disability caused by injury to the motor centers of the brain. In lay terms, it is a condition in which muscular control is impaired or lost. The disability may be severe or mild. There may be only a few muscles affected, or there may be marked lack of control in the arms, legs and speech mechanism. Vision and hearing may also be affected.

Most cases of cerebral palsy are caused by injury to the brain during birth, or by faulty development of brain cells. Such diseases as encephalitis and meningitis may cause cerebral palsy by producing scar tissue in the brain, and recent research on the disturbances of the Rh blood factor has shown that under certain conditions this may also be a cause. It is not possible to

HOWARD A. RUSK, M.D., an associate editor of the New York Times, has written numerous medical articles for that paper and for many magazines. He is chairman of the Department of Rehabilitation and Physical Medicine at the New York University College of Medicine, Consultant in Medical Rehabilitation to the Veterans Administration, the Federal office of Vocational Rehabilitation, and the Secretariat of the United Nations. He contributed an article on multiple sclerosis to the October 1947 AMERICAN MERCURY.

fix the blame on the child, the parents or the physician when cerebral palsy occurs. The highly complex developmental processes in the human being create many opportunities for deviation from the normal. Deviations and defective developments such as those occurring in cerebral palsy are not inherited; they do not run in families.

II

Dr. M. A. Perlstein, a member of the Cerebral Palsy Advisory Council of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults and one of the founders of the American Academy of Cerebral Palsy, reports that the best available data at present indicate that the condition is more common among whites than Negroes, among the first-born than the later-born, and among males than females. These seem to be about the only correlations that have been established between the disease and the background condition of those afflicted.

The hazardous mechanics of child-birth lead to a certain number of cases. It was formerly thought that the disease usually originated in birth injuries, and that the obstetrician was at fault. We now know that the conditions leading to cerebral palsy are beyond his control. For example, in the case of premature children, birth may be very rapid and the pressure change during the labor, precipitating the child to the lower outside air pressure, may be so sudden that hemorrhage occurs. This causes cellular destruction similar to what

takes place in the "bends" (a condition which occurs when deep-sea divers come to the surface of the water too quickly and are subjected to lower air pressure too rapidly).

The damage that has been done to the brain tissue by injury, maldevelopment or disease cannot be repaired, but it is possible to retrain the patient in the use and control of the affected muscles. An intensive diagnostic investigation is needed in each case to determine the extent of the disability, the muscles affected, and the mental capacity and potentialities of the patient.

Loss of control in cerebral palsy has been likened by Dr. Winthrop Phelps, one of the nation's outstanding authorities on the condition, to the situation that would exist in a telephone switchboard if the electrical impulses traveling the wire to the telephones were uncontrolled. In such a case, a plug inserted in the switchboard might result in the uncoordinated ringing of several phones simultaneously. Similarly, the impulses that the brain of the cerebral-palsied person sends to his muscles are uncontrolled, and may result in exaggerated movement, a variety of uncoordinated gestures, or in no movement at all.

It is extremely difficult to determine the mental capacity of children with cerebral palsy. As practically all such children have been handicapped since birth, they have not had a chance to develop the reading, speech and motor skills upon which most

intelligence tests depend. Studies by Dr. Phelps and others indicate that 75 per cent of the children with cerebral palsy have IQs of 70 or higher, which indicates that most are unquestionably teachable. Many have been incorrectly classified as mentally retarded because of their facial grimaces, drooling, lack of coordinated speech and other conditions characteristic of the imbecile. More than half of these children, however, are of normal or superior intelligence, sensitive, possessed of normal desires, affectionate and ambitious.

In addition to the physical problems, there are many secondary factors that have an important bearing on the ability of the cerebral-palsied child to adjust to his family and community. Halting speech, lack of confidence, stumbling gait and the other symptoms of the condition may cause the family and community to reject the child's ability. There are numerous instances, even in our supposedly enlightened age, of these children being hidden in attics and back bedrooms, out of sight of the family and friends. The antithesis of this situation, which is also dangerous, is an overly luxurious environment, in which the anxious parents do too much for their children, who are thereby kept from learning to face the world themselves.

III

Little Mike, physically, is an example of thousands of such cases. He is more fortunate than most, however, in that

he is able to go several times each week to a new Cerebral Palsy Pre-School Center at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital. There he and fifty other children receive diagnostic and medical services, psychological evaluation, special education, speech therapy, and physical and occupational therapy. Rehabilitation for Mike and his playmates is often a long and tedious training process built around the latent resources the child possesses. Specific treatment can be given for some of the defects, but the patient must be trained rather than treated.

It is possible, however, to obtain results. A demonstration study of twenty cerebral-palsied boys of normal mentality was carried on over a six-year period in New Jersey, with Federal funds made available under the Social Security Act. All but one showed enough physical improvement for it to be assumed that with continuing treatment a majority would become employable.

Until the last decade there were so few centers like the one at Lenox Hill Hospital that, authorities estimate, the volume of services given was less than 5 per cent of what was needed. Even today most of the centers for these cases have inadequate programs; they are reaching only 10 per cent of the children who need specialized care and training.

Among the best-known of the private institutions giving specialized care on an in-patient basis are the Children's Rehabilitation Institute, directed by Dr. Winthrop Phelps at

Cockeysville, Maryland; the Schools of Corrective Motor Education directed by Dr. Earl R. Carlson, the author of *Born That Way*, who is himself cerebral-palsied, on Long Island and at Pompano, Florida; the Neuro-Physical Rehabilitation Clinic directed by Dr. Temple Fay in Philadelphia; the St. John's Home and Hospital for Crippled Children in Springfield, Illinois; the Crippled Children's School in Jamestown, North Dakota; the Detroit Orthopedic Clinic; the Children's Hospital at Buffalo, New York; and the D. T. Watson Home for Crippled Children in Leetsdale, Pennsylvania.

The New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Study the Problem of Cerebral Palsy has shown that many parents have to spend as much as several thousand dollars a year for the care of their cerebral-palsied children. Since most parents cannot meet such costs, several states have sponsored their own centers. These include the State Hospital for Crippled Children in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania; the Illinois Children's Hospital School in Chicago; the centers at Redwood City and Los Angeles in California; and the Edith Hartwell Clinic at LeRoy, New York.

There have also been an increasing number of out-patient clinics opened in the past few years by parents' groups, voluntary agencies and fraternal organizations. Among the better known of this group are the clinic of the Philadelphia Society for Crip-

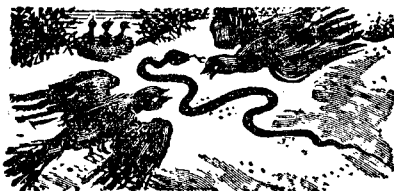
pled Children and Adults, the pre-school center at New York's Lower East Side Health Center; the Westchester County clinic in Bedford, New York; the children's center at Eugene, Oregon; the pre-school center in Dallas, Texas; and the demonstration center on the campus of the Montana State Teachers College at Billings.

Spurred by the activities of parents' groups and such organizations as the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults (whose Cerebral Palsy Division acts as a national clearing house for information on the subject), the National Cerebral Palsy Advisory Council, the National Cerebral Palsy Parents' Council and National Cerebral Palsy Fund, there has been a tremendous growth of nation-wide interest in these children in the past few years. Whereas there were only twenty-two treatment centers in the nation in 1946, there are now well over fifty. There are also 120 organized parents' groups now, compared with but a handful that existed until recently.

The emergence of both professional and public leadership in cerebral palsy during the past few years has been encouraging. Much, however, still needs to be done not only in the provision of facilities but the training of personnel in the newer techniques of rehabilitation before we will have a national program which will remove Mike and his more than 200,000 fellow-sufferers from the ranks of America's forgotten children.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



FACTS ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA

ONE of the pleasures of writing this department is the opportunity it gives to talk about exactly the kinds of things that all of us are agreed are pleasant. We all take summery delight in the cool of the woods. We all enjoy the songs of birds. Each of us is capable of enchantment by the sky, by the snow, by the smell of fresh earth. There is an everlasting part of all of us that goes back and back to the morning of the world, and to a pleasant Garden. It is a happy business to talk about it together.

Every now and then, however, there arises an obligation, as I feel, to speak here of some down-to-earth subject that is popularly avoided as "nasty." After all, earth-life is not all bird-songs and ferny glens and wild-flowers. There are also hurricanes and forest fires, and the deer starving in the snow. There are lice and ticks, immensely populous. The creatures of earth are not exempt from blood-letting and sickness and death. It is

impossible to get "down to earth," or hatch forth any philosophy sturdier than a frivolous sentimentality, without getting down occasionally to precisely such matters as these. Hence I have written on occasion about the bloody rapacity of weasels, and about what happens when a rattlesnake injects its viscous venom, and once a few years ago I wrote a natural history of the internal worms that still continue to inhabit probably a majority of mankind. It is less agreeable to discuss this sort of thing, certainly, than to talk about nature's abundant beauties and benevolences; but sometimes it requires to be done.

This month the subject is going to be hydrophobia. It is a grim subject; and it has seemed only fair to warn away those readers who may care to read no further than this point.

It is extraordinary how little appears in print about hydrophobia. The reason, it may be guessed, is our devotion to dogs, and our reluctance to consider the fact that dogs are capable of giving us one of the most horrific diseases of which it is possible

for hapless man to die. Nowadays the public prints have come to be full of frank and informative talk about syphilis and cancer. There has even been a certain publicizing of leprosy, an ailment which exceedingly few of us are likely to have. But hydrophobia, no. Any man anywhere, however, stands a chance of being bitten by a rabid dog. Any naturalist or outdoorsman incurs the possibility of being bitten by a rabid skunk, fox, raccoon, or any of the other numerous wild animals whose bite can transmit the disease. It is not sensible to refuse consideration of a disease which is as old as it is deadly. Indeed refusal of intelligent consideration has resulted in a vast proliferation of myths about hydrophobia. Some of the myths make the disease seem even more dreadful than in fact it is. Some of them result in the annual destruction of a great many "mad" dogs which are not rabid at all. All of them, as is the way with myths, are in one way or another dangerous or corrupting.

It is popularly supposed that when a dog froths and foams at the mouth, it is necessarily an indication of hydrophobia. This is not so.

It is supposed that a rabid dog dreads water, and cannot be induced to drink or even to enter a brook or pond. This is not so.

There is a remarkably widespread belief that a bite by any dog which is in a state of furious anger can give hydrophobia to the bitten. This is the eeriest moonshine; but it persists.

A human being suffering from hydrophobia, according to perhaps the most widespread and horridest folk-fancy of them all, takes on the dog's personality. He snaps and barks. Though the symptoms of hydrophobia are bad enough, there is no such transformation of man into beast. There is no such black mystery of metamorphosis.

And so on and so on, myth piling on misunderstanding. Hydrophobia has been recorded among men since before the days of Aristotle. It is a part of earth-life, as much so as gentians and thrushes. What are the facts about it?

II

Some months ago a reader who had seen an article of mine on skunks, in which I had stressed the calm amiability of those staid little animals, sent me a letter of dissent. Skunks, he said, were evidently not as placid as I had indicated. He enclosed a clipping from his local newspaper. It told how a lady of his village had that day encountered a skunk near her home, and how the skunk had without provocation rushed at her and bitten her on the foot. A neighbor had despatched the skunk with a club.

I am not a zoological diagnostician, but it seemed imperative to risk a long-distance guess. I sent my correspondent a telegram, urging that if the skunk's body had not been destroyed it should be handed at once to the nearest pathologist for examination to test my strong suspicion that it was

suffering from hydrophobia. I record here, with complacency, receipt a few days later of an awed acknowledgment that the skunk had indeed been found rabid.

The guess, however, was not very remarkable. For the first symptom of hydrophobia in animals is not foaming at the mouth or "fits." It is personality change. If a woodsman meets a fox that runs *toward* him, however friskily and unmenacingly, the part of wisdom and prudence is to climb a tree. The first sign of hydrophobia in a sheep is very often a glare of irritability in its normally reposeful glance. Skunks do not normally take the offensive; nor is the weapon a skunk employs normally its teeth. It required no great diagnostic acuity to guess that the skunk in my correspondent's clipping was probably rabid, for the creature had shown strikingly that preeminent hydrophobia-symptom which the classical medical literature describes in the stately phrase "inversion of sentiment."

In dogs, the commonest and probably the original harborers of hydrophobia, the personality-change begins subtly and progresses gradually. A normally spirited dog becomes dull and slinks persistently into hiding, only to emerge again at once and prowl and pace with vacant-eyed restlessness. Or a usually lethargic dog begins to show bursts of unaccountable frolicsomeness and excitement, bounding and jumping for no good

reason, darting quick startled glances at nothing in particular, often licking its owner in what appears a turmoil of unsolicited affection. As the disease advances, the alteration of personality becomes more and more marked, and the signs of rabies (which is of course simply the Latin word for madness) become increasingly evident. There is apt to be furious hunger, and usually deranged hunger: for wood, metal, earth, stones, and for the dog's own voidings. There is no fear of water, but on the contrary a raging thirst. Then, presently, there comes the next phase: constriction of the animal's throat, with often a paralysis of the jaw, so that the dog's mouth hangs open. The dog is in a tumult of restlessness now, prowling, sniffing, picking up odds and ends to carry them purposelessly for a while and then drop them, snapping and slashing at invisible things in the air.

In some cases of hydrophobia, the dog may die without ever showing further symptoms than these. It is important to realize that even in the early and relatively subtle stages, *the dog's saliva is already deadly*. A man inoculated with it, and untreated, will die in a peculiarly hideous agony. Commonly, however, there is a last stage in dogs' hydrophobia. This is the "furious rabies," when the dog barks and yells in a weirdly cracked voice, when it becomes numb to pain and often bites itself savagely, and when at last it starts its final silent and terrible running, snapping and tearing at every creature it meets. It dies

at last paralyzed and convulsed, tormented by thirst but unable to swallow. In this last stage there is frequently a flecking of foam around the dog's muzzle. But such foaming is by no means always in evidence, nor is foam, in itself, to be taken as evidence of hydrophobia. Canine creatures may foam at the mouth for any of many reasons. The truly distinguishing symptoms of hydrophobia are simply the symptoms of madness, of "inversion of sentiment" and deterioration of personality: from the first subtle signs of strange-eyed feyness to the final total burst of ravening dementia that ends in death.

Such is the nature and progress of hydrophobia in animals. It is unnecessary to harass ourselves with minutely detailed description of the disease in human victims; but the similarity is close. There is the same mounting restlessness, and then an anxiety which rises to generalized fear and then rises to the intensity of terror. There is the constriction of the throat, so that attempts to swallow water produce suffocating paroxysms and hence a *hydro-phobia* . . . a terror of trying to drink at all. There are spasms and convulsions, so affecting the breathing that it becomes a rasping and howling hardly human (whence the folk-myth to the effect that rabies-victims "bark"), and there is an inability to swallow spittle (whence the notion that the victim foams at the mouth dog-wise). There is muscular spasm of the jaws (whence the notion that the victim is trying to

snap and bite). There is finally maniacal excitement and at last the blessing of death, by paralysis or strangling or both.

III

Since the summer of 1885, we have had the mercy of the Pasteur treatment. The ancients had no treatment for the bite of a mad dog but the heroic one of excising the bitten part immediately, before the injected saliva could circulate. A popular and esteemed medical work of the mid-nineteenth century, which lies before me, could suggest nothing better than to force the victim to drink a mixture of "powdered scullcap leaves" and "the strongest Aqua Ammonia," following this up with an unbelievable brew made by boiling five ounces of red chickweed in two quarts of ale, to which, when evaporated to one quart, were to be added two fluid drachms of laudanum. It may be hoped that perhaps at least this was capable of easing the sufferer into stupor.

Today, thanks to the brilliant work of Pasteur (and also to the work of Lepp, Babes, Tizzoni, Centanni and several other experimenters insufficiently remembered), we have superior means of combating hydrophobia. Still, not every dog-bite victim can have the animal that has bitten him examined. Not every dog-bite victim can be made to take the trouble to do anything about the bite. Not everyone has learned, as we all ought, to recognize the signs — es-

pecially the early signs — of hydrophobia in animals. And not every dog-bite victim is old enough to realize, even, that he has suffered a bite. There are children. There is still hydrophobia.

That is why, now and again, there have to be muzzling ordinances issued. There have to be leashing ordinances. There have to be dog quarantines. The measures commonly meet with an uproar of protest from sentimental dog-lovers.

Such uproar is possible only from people who cannot know the facts of

what hydrophobia is like. There is scarcely a more grotesquely ghastly disease under the sun. That the facts may be better known, and some myths discounted, is the reason why "Down to Earth" has been written on this theme this month. It would have been pleasanter to write (and read) about a wildflower or a bird-song or the look of the friendly farmlands now in November. But the life of earth has likewise its "nasty" aspects and its rigorous ones and its mortal dangers; and it can hardly be wise to think not.

PHRASE ORIGINS—40

RUN THE GAUNTLET, THROW DOWN THE GAUNTLET: *The gauntlets of these commonly used phrases are of different origins. In the first phrase, gauntlet is a corruption of a Swedish word meaning a running through a lane or passage. Written gantlope at first, it was soon confused with gauntlet, which, as it was used in the second phrase, meant "glove." "Running the gauntlet" was a form of military and naval punishment said to have been invented during the Thirty Years' War. The culprit had to run through two rows of men who struck at him with knotted ropes or sticks. The modern use of the phrase is of course figurative; it is generally used in reference to someone who is exposed to a great deal of hostile criticism. "Throwing down the gauntlet" means issuing a challenge. The phrase originated in a medieval custom. A knight threw down a glove, and whoever picked it up accepted the challenge. This ceremony was used at the coronation of English monarchs. The King's Champion rode through Westminster Hall and threw down the iron glove, or gauntlet. There is no record of anyone ever picking it up to challenge the authority of the newly-crowned king.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE STATE OF ARKANSAS

BY EVERETT M. WEBBER

NO OTHER state is as strategically supplied with natural resources, or as well located for diversified farming as is Arkansas. Yet in the statistical columns of per capita income, and of education, which is so inextricably bound up with economics, what happens to us shouldn't happen to anybody. We know where to look — right down at the bottom.

First-timers among the half-million tourists who are clocked through my section of the state each year are surprised to find towns with running water, substantial homes on beautiful, shaded streets, people wearing shoes, and pavements crowded with good automobiles instead of houn' dawgs and razorback hogs.

They are surprised to find good-looking tourist camps, motels, hotels, and to find eating places approved by Duncan Hines. They are literally astounded to see schools which look just like their own, back home. In the country they can't believe that they are actually looking at prosperous farmsteads with '48-model cars in the drive, well-kept lawns, and power machinery and blooded stock in the

fields and pastures which lie between some of the nation's greatest orchards.

If all of this seems to put too much emphasis on the material, it is only because these things must come before leisure and culture. We'll get to that part of it presently. The question is, which is right — the statistics or what the tourist sees? The answer is that both are, because the statistics show only dismal averages which are pulled down by some unhappy facts. The tourist also sees the one-gallus farmer and the sharecropper's woeful shack, and the things that go with that much-publicized existence.

The *Arkansaw Traveler* skit — not the song, which is only a doggerelized version of a fragment of the whole, but the prose — is one of America's best pieces of folk humor and is enjoyed here as elsewhere. However, it has been as overly applied to the entire population as if the outsider thought every New Yorker to be a Wall Street millionaire. Or took as the standard of New York state's educational system the school buildings, without toilets, which were erected in New York City before the Civil War.

EVERETT M. WEBBER and his wife have collaborated on short stories and articles for various magazines, and have also written a novel, *Rampart Street*, which was published recently by Dutton. The book is a winter selection of the Fiction Book Club.

The North and East have their slums, and their segregated Negro quarters where life can be fully as terrifying as on a sleepy backwoods hill.

This is not intended to explain away any of our shortcomings, but rather to examine things as they are with us and to tell how they got that way. We are just as sensitive to the lacks as anyone else.

For a century and more a few people have been trying to remedy some of them. Far-sighted planters always put in a few food crops, wise stockmen sought better sires, minor industrialists and merchants in the cities went in for a bit of culture and sent their sons East to school, scholars here and there opened "academies" and churches established little colleges. Cotton brokers waxed fat and a few lumbermen and coal and zinc mine owners grew rich.

The urge toward industrialization slowly grew, finally attaining such momentum during the war that 1500 factories have been built since the Japanese surrender and the number swells daily. Educational and other matters are improving in proportion.

II

The thing that happens to the statistics is that we have large segments of population in which the whole family must be bread winner. We also have our backbone of prosperous "middle class," and we have our percentage of tycoons and millionaires. But it doesn't make a pretty picture when you average the cash income of a

family that can barely keep ahead of a plantation-owned commissary bill with that of a family which has the decencies of life. Or when the one-room school in a sparsely settled, low-tax district is averaged with one which is run on the same financial basis as schools across the line in Missouri.

Arkansas made its first feeble attempts to sponsor public education in 1843. It allowed the first school taxes to be levied in 1867 — one of the few good carpetbag rulings, for the administration was just then busily misappropriating funds which left the state staggering under a \$10 million debt. In 1872 a state university was opened at the mountain town of Fayetteville, and the next year a branch for Negroes was established at Pine Bluff. In the eighties a medical school was begun at Little Rock — later to be taken over by the university — and also in that decade a research department was established at Fayetteville. Now equipped by the Army with the best and the latest that money can buy for research into ordnance problems, and having lately established elaborate inquiries into electronics, this department is constantly enlarging its work. The university was recently elected to full membership in the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies.

The university has also been working in agricultural research for a long time; it has a law school; and it is the foundation stone of the state's public school system which culminates, in

the smokeless city of Little Rock, in "the world's most beautiful high school." The university's recommendations are also accepted by Arkansas' ten state-controlled and ten privately-controlled colleges. Three of these are for Negroes.

Accordingly, then, our educational problems are those below college level, and we are doing something about that, too. . . .

Patriotism has long led us to proclaim that if the Wonder State had a fence built around its 53,000 square miles we could still get along quite well. On a peasant economy basis that might be true. Or if aluminum — of which we have 95 per cent of the nation's known supply of ore — were ever made entirely to take the place of steel, we could do pretty well on our own.

It would be hard to name a temperate zone crop not raised in Arkansas. The state's climate has elements of North, South, East and West. It is warmed and watered by the winds off the Gulf, even to its northern border; it has a variety of soils from 10 million acres of alluvial dirt, a thousand feet deep in places, to rolling and mountainous upland. Because of the contours that funnel the Gulf winds into the proper places, produce ripens from two to three weeks earlier than in comparable latitudes to the east and west.

It would also be difficult to name any natural resource of which we do not have at least a little. The basic

ones, except iron which occurs only in small deposits, exist in staggering quantities. Some of the resources measured by the trillion, billion, and million units of reserve are petroleum, natural gas for fuel and gasoline manufacture, smokeless coal, ceramic clays for fine pottery and brick and tile, glass sands, salt, slate, antimony, manganese, titanium, zinc, lead, asphalt, barite, chalk, Bentonite, limestone, marble, slate, tripoli, quartz, mica, mercury, gypsum, and a vast potential of hydroelectric power. A number of huge dams are already producing, others are being built, and the lakes thus formed add to our 3000 miles of navigable waterways — a mileage unapproached by any other state.

We have small amounts of gold and silver, and in a pinch we could produce a little tin. We are high in the production of fresh-water pearls, we have America's only diamond mine — mysteriously kept out of production since 1925 after 48,000 stones, including one of 40 carats, were dug up — and we have 22 million acres of timber. Though we cut a billion-and-a-half board feet of lumber each year, forest management — originated, as far as America is concerned, in this state — will allow us to go on cutting as long as men use wood.

So then the question which is being asked, both by natives and by interested industrialists and economists, is a fair one: Why aren't we at the top of the column of statistics instead of at the bottom?

III

The answer is a tough one: We've had that fence all the time — a fence partly of our own making — though most of us didn't know it was there. We didn't know it partly because we were too stubbornly proud to see it and partly because it had some gates in it, although the economic hinges were backwards on all of them. The ones which opened out should have opened in, and vice versa. For a century we shipped out our raw products and bought back the finished goods, thus cutting our own throats both going and coming.

The Gulf of Mexico left a flat, magnificently rich country when it receded from the foothills of the Ozarks, so that the state is roughly half mountainous and half smooth, with cultures and folkways that were originally as different as those on different planets. Neither culture seemed very successful. For generations a cotton economy in the southern part and a squirrel gun economy in the northern produced only a few wealthy families. These were busy being aristocrats and were seldom industrial-minded. Consequently the state lagged.

All this started — to take an arbitrary point — just 407 years ago when De Soto became the first white man to take the baths at Hot Springs. (The Federal government later decided the waters really did have therapeutic value, and designated this area the first national park. It also marked off

a million and a third acres of the Ouchita [wash-e-taw] hills, rivers and timberlands around it as the first national forest.) A hundred and forty years after De Soto was buried in the Mississippi, Henri de Tonti became the first white man to own land in Arkansas. Another 140 years after him the Fifteenth Congress lopped off a big chunk of Missouri and announced that thenceforth it should be known as "the Arkansaw Territory." This law became effective on the Fourth of July, 1819. It was time. Sheriffs had previously had to take important prisoners several hundred miles to St. Louis.

There seems to have been dissension and humor about the spelling and pronunciation of "Arkansas" from the first. The *Arkansas Gazette*, begun by one James Woodruff at Arkansas Post in 1819 — which makes it now the oldest paper west of the Mississippi — used the *sas* spelling, and perhaps this as much as anything else settled it that way.

The act creating the territory never really explained why a huge chunk of Missouri should jut down into its northeast corner. The probable answer is that powerful planters wanted to avoid the jurisdiction of the soon-to-be-established Arkansas courts and legislature because they already had things under control at home. I have always been fond of the story about the old woman who prevailed upon the linemen to survey her over into Missouri, as she had heard it was "powerful onhealthy in them Ar-

kansas swamps." It is quite possible that this is the very, very oldest Arkansas joke.

The population grew partly through the westward push of the restless Scotch-Irish-English hillmen in Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia and Tennessee. They found the Ozarks and its spurs — the Bostons and the Ouchitas — much like their home. They gave us a colorful Elizabethan culture which, fortunately or not, is remembered now mostly in ballads and tales.

The farm-to-market road, REA, radio, county agent, AAA, farm extension and improvement courses, school bus and school consolidation, additional state aid for rural schools, better breeding campaigns, artificial insemination clubs, as well as berry, fruit, dairy and chicken co-ops, cheese factories, canneries and condenseries — all these have made the average hillbilly as dull as the average banker or bartender. A mountaineer resting on a tractor and languidly complaining of his income tax is apt to be disappointing to the tourist's romantic preconceptions.

Not that we don't still have the log cabin, the pipe-smoking granny with her ancient charms and remedies and lore of the supernatural, the woman following a mule down a cane row, the gaunt woodsman with a gun under his arm staring in bleak silence at the stranger who has blundered too far up his wild, forbidding hollow. Women still saw and chop and milk under-privileged scrub cows; and men still raise little hillside patches of corn

with a hoe and take their hogs more or less wild from woods and swamp — but that life as a cultural whole has disappeared.

IV

While the Anglo-Saxon hill culture was establishing itself, Revolutionary and War-of-1812 soldiers, and their descendants, were coming to claim land bounties. They usually chose the flatlands. At the same time, planters and poor whites were drifting into that territory. The typical Southern befo'-de-wah life began to take root. As much as anything, its system of peonage has held us down. Until just recently, cotton has required prodigious amounts of hand labor. The first thing "the cap'n" asked a prospective tenant was, "Does the woman work?" It was taken for granted that the children did.

School, which took the child out of the field at planting, hoeing and picking time, was frowned on by landlord and parent alike. Nor was the tenant allowed a garden by many landlords: It would take up his time, and besides there was no room. Cotton rows often came up to the porch — if there was a porch. He could get his fatback and meal and peas and chill tonic at the store on credit. This diet began to change as more was learned about pellagra.

This does not mean that relations were always bad between landlords and their workmen. Some families had comfortable homes and pleasant yards. The five-year contract between land-

lord and tenant has led to improvements. For improvements made on his land, under these contracts, the tenant was not only allowed repayment in rent, but he had the opportunity to live in a decent home. If he was to be there but one year, on the other hand, he had no incentive to fix anything in the vague hope that the landlord would reimburse him.

The tractor, flame weeder, cotton chopper and mechanical picker are now crowding workers off the cotton land, just as machines are crowding renters and sons of farmers out in the rest of the state. On the plantation, one tractor and its equipment displace as many as ten families.

What happens to them? Usually they go to town and get jobs in some of the new factories, or with construction crews. And the one-room school in the country is beginning to die from lack of even nominal attendance. The former sharecropper's child, instead of running a hoe and dragging a cotton sack between sporadic six-month terms of a country school, now enrolls for the nine-month term in town.

Most country schools now stand empty. The district's funds are consolidated with those of a nearby town; and pupils are transported by bus, given the same advantages as town pupils, fed a hot lunch at noon, and taken home in the afternoon. Free textbooks have been supplied for a dozen years. There is a teacher retirement plan — even though it is still inadequate — and salaries are being

upped. In some cases these have been doubled in the last four years.

A third of every tax dollar in the state now goes to the school fund. But our population is only 2 million, and we have wide areas of low-tax unimproved land. We need — and are getting — reassessments of improved property, much of which has been listed at criminally low levels. In my own county, tax collections have doubled in a matter of two years — and the school superintendent in my home town is no longer able to say that he pays his yard boy more per hour than his teachers receive. This, of course, is only part of a national awakening in these matters, so, statistically, it may not raise things much. But it certainly makes a more pleasant state of affairs for those involved.

v

Arkansas of course had its own early-day heroes — and it knew some transients, such as the Bowies and Houstons and Austins, on their way to raise hell in Texas. It had its gallants, its locally famous duels, moonlight and magnolias, bandits, steamboats, rifle and cavalry companies rushing away to the Mexican War, its Civil War battles, carpetbaggers and Ku Kluxers.

Then the huge clay deposits, the bauxite ore for aluminum, and the dark forests, from which boards two feet wide and thirty feet long without a flaw might be cut, began to attract Northern capital. Discrimina-

tory freight rates between North and South discouraged this capital in most lines, but those millions of acres of timber were too good to miss. Whole counties were gutted on the English-India *sahib* system, with the profits being taken back to Wisconsin and Illinois.

Workers, under unbending compulsion, were forced to pay premium prices for their meal and lard and beans at the company commissaries. Three giant sawmills, one commonly called the largest hardwood mill in the South, were built with outside money in the town where I was raised. One of them ended up owning 80 miles of track in its reach for more and more trees. When the inevitable could be staved off no longer, the three mills folded. Now they are forgotten.

Another thing which held back our economy and culture was that roads were long built — or not built, to be more accurate — by local districts. Finally, in the late twenties and early thirties, the state took over these districts and their indebtednesses, issued bonds, matched Federal dollars, and now our network of highways and farm-to-market roads is state-wide.

Finally, our workers have been strangely allergic to union organizing, and this has kept their own wages low. They have been this way because of misguided individuality, fear of equality for Negroes in pay and jobs, fear of domination by Northern bosses, and because of management pressure. However, workman's compensation,

social security, minimum wage and hour regulations, and the gradual forming of locals is changing the picture.

The non-industrial portions of the state are also anti-union, and thus the state has voted open shop. Now the open shop, low wages, and the big pool of crowded-off-the-farm labor are doing much to bring in the factories. Once the factories are here the picture may change still more.

Tax concessions, abundance of high-grade fuel at low prices, and cheap current from hydroelectric dams started an insurge of textile, paper and furniture factories, of meat packers, cotton oil processors, button makers and other industrialists back in the twenties. Their success has helped bring the present crop. All of them can get young technicians educated at home. Further, they are slowing the rush of young people, who formerly could find no future here, to other states.

VI

For many years Hot Springs and Eureka Springs, both drawing health-seekers, front-porch-sitters, and those who liked to take a fling at the green covered tables or fishing streams, were the only widely known Arkansas towns. The automobile, good roads, and the new style of travel which didn't keep one bound to a railroad car, changed that.

The Ozarks Playground Association, formed in the twenties, was partly responsible for the great influx

of tourists who are impressed by the state's scenic beauty and industrial possibilities.

But the culturally-minded are also proud of other things. Unique in America is the Arkansas State Symphony. This is composed of professional, semi-professional, and amateur and student musicians from all over the state. They make three tours a year and between thirty and forty appearances. They receive just their expenses and are in the symphony only because they love music. Out-of-state critics appraise their performances highly. William Haaker of the state university is the director; he is said to be the youngest symphonic conductor in the country.

Public opinion has long been molded by the *Arkansas Democrat* and *Arkansas Gazette*, both of Little Rock — and both Democratic in their politics. The *Gazette* probably exerts the most influence. Now and then it goes so far as to spank the sacrosanct Arkansas Power and Light Company, which for years has been a power unto itself in the state.

Fort Smith — famous from frontier days as the stamping ground of Hangin' Judge Parker who sent outlaws, a dozen and a score at a time, through a monumental gallows — publishes the *Southwest American*, which circulates in the hill section. Besides a number of lesser dailies, there are 140 weeklies scattered through the 75 counties.

Regional libraries, operating under state grants, now have branches in

just about every town which will accept one, and bookmobiles serve rural areas. This urge for a new future has not blinded folks to the past. The old State House, relic of the lusty days when Arkansas almost had a civil war of its own — a brawl between rival political factions that was stopped by President Grant with Federal troops — has been restored. It contains a bar and petticoat mirrors, the latter discreetly placed on the bottoms of doors for the legislators' ladies.

Little Rock is also the home of John Gould Fletcher, the Pulitzer prize poet who helped found the imagist school. Other Arkansas writers include Glenn Ward Dresbach, whose collected poems are being brought out by Caxton Printers, and his poet wife, Beverly; Marge Lyon, the columnist and writer of books on the Ozarks; Otto Ernest Rayburn, folklorist and publisher of *Ozark Guide*; Constance Wagner, who has written for THE AMERICAN MERCURY and various other literary and popular magazines; and Vance Randolph, folklorist, who last year wrote *Ozark Superstitions*, and who is now in the middle of a four-volume work of Ozarkian songs and ballads. The first two have been brought out by the Columbia University Press and are receiving high critical acclaim.

There are those in the state who point with pride to the fact that you can find little towns of 2500 with the local bank statement showing a million dollars on deposit. The money the

tourists leave here, the upsurge of industry, the awakening of the people to their possibilities, and the annuities which thousands of professional people are bringing when they retire to live in our mountain towns, are helping us achieve that doubling of per

capita income which statisticians grant us since 1940.

Oh, yes. U. S. Government bulletins list Arkansas as having the shape-liest women and the lowest death rate in the nation.

Things are looking up.

THE PORTENTS OF THE AIR

BY CHARLES NORMAN

The dwellers on the earth
Look up to scan the sky;
The portents of the air
Fail; the season is awry.

Time, season, are awry;
The portents are not clear;
The sun-dog and the sun
Divide the sky in fear.

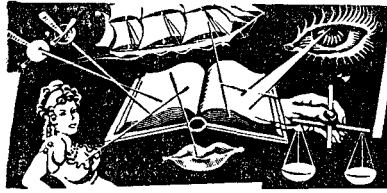
The moon, slipped like a stone
Into the pond of night,
Displays a luminous ring
In one huge ripple of light.

Submissive to such signs,
The leaves shrink as before,
The air turns dark and moist;
And still it does not pour.

The air is like a bog;
The walker has to wade;
The sign-seekers look down.
And now they are afraid.

All are proud and afraid,
And ponder what's awry;
Oh, let them ponder long —
It is not earth or sky.

THE LIBRARY



AMERICAN POLITICAL MYTHS RE-EXAMINED

by BEN RAY REDMAN

HISTORY is never written, but remains always in the writing, for in history, as elsewhere, the search for truth is unending. It has often been said that every generation must write history according to its own lights, but this is not quite accurate. History is not written by generations, but by the individual members of a vast company of historians; a company which never ceases to replenish its ranks with inquiring spirits, and which never ceases to subject the near and distant past to fresh scrutiny. The books of history that really matter are highly personal productions, compounded in each instance of a unique blend of knowledge, intelligence, philosophy, temperament and art.

Of course, there are fashions in history; there are innovations and trends. Every originating historian who provides a useful key to human action is sure to find followers, whether his key is divine will, physical geography, race, evolutionary prog-

ress, economic determinism, challenge and response, or psychoanalysis. But apart from these fashions and trends—and often within them—the rewriting of history is a continuous business.

The accumulation of unquestionable facts, even in a narrowly limited area, is never complete; the frontiers of interpretation are never sealed against adventurous minds. Indeed, fact and interpretation are often indistinguishable, for facts are of all degrees of tangibility and demonstrability. An action, let us say, has been performed on a certain date: this is a fact of which we are sure. But what of the reasons behind the action? Are they less factual than the deed itself? And the consequences of the action, which it is the business of the historian to establish and measure in importance—are they any less factual than their cause?

That Benedict Arnold betrayed his country at a known time and place is a known fact, for example, but when we come to the motives behind that betrayal knowledge is less assured and interpretation is free to range within the limits of probability. Was Arnold's

treason rooted in a childhood experience, in wartime frustration — or in what soil? That Henry VIII was passionately determined to marry Anne Boleyn is a matter of record, but who shall say just how much influence that determination exerted on the course of the Protestant Reformation? Or, to enter a field of more violent controversy, who shall say with certainty whether the Reformation was a good thing or a bad thing for the Western world? Was Tiberius a monster of depravity or an upright Roman of the old republican school? He has been pictured as both. Did Emperor Charles V, after his abdication, continue to be an active force in European affairs, while pulling strings from his cloistered retreat; or were his thoughts piously fixed upon another world? Questions like these, both great and small — and their kind is numberless — remain always open. Interpretations, born of facts, come and go like summer flies; and truth is what is agreed on at any given moment.

Fashion in history provokes revolt, theory invites disproof, blunt assertion begets blunt contradiction, and exaggeration is answered by counter-exaggeration. Much of the rewriting of history, particularly on the popular level, is nothing more than the replacement of one erroneous simplification by a contradictory simplification no less misleading. Chapters that have been written in pitch are boldly rewritten in whitewash. The proud are cast down and the humble exalted.

The debunker treads on the heels of the hero-worshipper, to ply his trade with an eager eye for every fault and blindness for every virtue. The wise historian, however, refuses to simplify. Recognizing the infinite complexity of truth, of human events and human character, he accepts this complexity, grapples with it, and, within his chosen area, tries to come as close as possible to what really happened, what made things happen, and what those happenings meant — without ever claiming that he has spoken the last word.

It is this kind of wisdom that in large measure informs Richard Hofstadter's *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It* [\$4, Knopf], a volume which must bear the responsibility for having evoked the above reflections on history in general. This book contains underlying assumptions and implied conclusions with which I profoundly disagree; but one may reject these assumptions and conclusions and still find oneself left with a remarkably penetrating, informative and stimulating historical-biographical study.

II

In his attempt to define the nature of our main political tradition, and examine the careers of its makers, Mr. Hofstadter has walked in familiar ways and explored well-trodden ground, and almost everywhere — among statesmen who are household names and events that every school-boy knows — he has met popular

myths and widely cherished misconceptions. He has dealt with these myths and vulgar errors with sobriety and precision, marshaling evidence and arguments based on a wide and close study of pertinent material, and animated by an independent, incisive intelligence. The result is an old story told with novel stresses and fresh meanings; a gallery of related portraits, in which all the faces are basically familiar, but often partially strange because of unfamiliarly accented features.

The figures in Mr. Hofstadter's gallery include the Constitution-makers, Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, Cleveland, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt; and in most instances the portrait varies more or less markedly from the likeness which has been sanctified in our schoolrooms and broadcast by our popular histories and biographies.

The Constitution-makers are depicted much as Charles Beard painted them in his famous, influential *Economic Interpretation*: as men of property who were intent upon defending and preserving their property, who believed that government must be based on property (since men of no property "lack the necessary stake in an orderly society to make stable or reliable citizens"), who profoundly feared the advance of democracy, but who were: till correct in thinking of themselves as "moderate republicans."

Jefferson's reputation as a militant,

crusading reformer is shown to be largely undeserved by a man who "hated vigorous controversy, shrank from asserting his principles when they would excite the anger of colleagues and neighbors," expressed his "generous and emancipating thoughts" almost exclusively "in his *private* correspondence," and, after writing the Declaration of Independence and the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, "avoided expressing his more unacceptable ideas in public." Mr. Hofstadter stresses the fact that Jeffersonian democracy rested on an unfortunately narrow, agrarian base, since its founder believed that dependable virtue resided only in farmers, while cities were to him the pestilential abodes of corrupt merchants, workers, and speculators.

In reaction to Hamilton's use of governmental power for the benefit of capital, Jefferson instituted a Federal laissez-faire policy which was to become a cardinal tenet of our political tradition. The man who had said, "Let our workshops remain in Europe," lived to believe in the development of American manufactures, to encourage by his own Embargo Act the rise of the industrialism he had so greatly feared, and to see his dream of a commonwealth of honest husbandmen stultified by the consequences of the Napoleonic wars. By the end of 1816,

Jefferson's party had taken over the whole complex of Federalist policies — manufactures, bank, tariffs, army, navy, and all — and this under the administration

of Jefferson's friend, neighbor, and political heir, James Madison. As Josiah Quincy complained, the Republicans had "out-Federalized Federalism."

In the case of Jackson, Mr. Hofstadter alters the conventional picture by emphasizing several points: Jackson thought of himself, as he rose in the world, not as a democratic frontiersman but as a southwestern aristocrat; he was more avid of wealth and martial glory than of political power; when debtors clashed with creditors in Tennessee, he stood with the moneyed men; his emergence as a democratic leader was paradoxical and largely accidental; his election did not signalize a victory for either the frontier or economic reform; "the Jacksonian movement was a phase in the expansion of democracy, but it is too little appreciated that it was also a phase in the expansion of liberated capitalism."

The Jacksonian leaders were no radical levelers. Their philosophy was one with that of the Jeffersonians: "to take the grip of government-granted privileges off the natural economic order." In his war against privilege, Jackson extirpated Biddle's Bank of the United States, but in so doing he gave an open field to the wildcat speculators and inflationists whom he detested no less than he did Federally favored bankers. It was under Jackson, in a rapidly expanding economy, that the American system of free-for-all competition, with few holds barred, began to enjoy a really vigorous growth.

Ignoring the Presidents of small stature who came between Jackson and Lincoln, Mr. Hofstadter turns his attention to a minority spokesman of force and originality, but a peripheral figure as regards the body of our political tradition: John C. Calhoun. Here again the lights and shadows are arranged with effective unconventionality. The advocate of state sovereignty, nullification and the concurrent majority, is shown as an ardent nationalist and a devoted Unionist. "What he wanted was not for the South to leave the Union, but to dominate it."

Mr. Hofstadter refuses to agree with the historians who find in Calhoun "the supreme champion of minority rights and interests everywhere," and insists that, although his formulation of majority-minority relations may be of enduring value, "he was not interested in any minority that was not a propertied minority." The most interesting feature of this chapter, however, is the juxtaposition of Calhoun and Karl Marx, and the demonstration that the American at least roughly anticipated the German in a number of conceptions, such as the class struggle, the perennial exploitation of labor, the tendency of capital towards concentration, the theory of surplus value, and the drive towards social revolution. "The difference was that Calhoun proposed that no revolution should be allowed to take place." But he feared it was imminent. "Marx out of optimism and Calhoun

out of pessimism both overestimated the revolutionary capacities of the working class."

III

The largely discredited figure of Calhoun is followed, in *The American Political Tradition*, by the idolized figure of Lincoln, who is dealt with in a well-reasoned chapter that will astonish many innocents and infuriate many idolaters. Here Mr. Hofstadter comes to grips with an American myth of the first magnitude, a sacred myth, and he does not shrink from the crucial encounter.

"The clue to much that is vital in Lincoln's thought and character," he declares, "lies in the fact that he was thoroughly and completely the politician, by preference and by training. It is difficult to think of any man of comparable stature whose life was so fully absorbed into his political being." He was a devoted, orthodox Whig; a zealous party worker; a "deliberate and responsible" opportunist; and a campaigner who knew how to straddle an issue when votes were at stake — how to say one thing in Chicago and something quite different in Charleston. Only a master of political strategy and manipulation could have held together the heterogeneous, discordant elements which composed the Republican party; only a master politician, acting on the level of statecraft, would so skilfully have maneuvered the South into the position of aggressor. And behind these abilities there was a mighty

drive. Lincoln's ambition, said Herndon, "was a little engine that knew no rest."

History has cast Lincoln in the rôle of the Great Emancipator, but it was not a part that he was eager to play. He uttered his first public denunciation of slavery when he was 45. In 1854 he declared that his "own feelings" would "not admit" the possibility of Negroes being the political and social equals of whites. One of the reasons for his nomination in 1860 was that he was considered safer than Seward on the slavery question. Upon becoming President, he put his weight behind a constitutional amendment which would have made slavery secure from Federal interference. When, during the war, Frémont sought to free Missouri slaves, and General Hunter ordered freedom for the slaves of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, Lincoln countermanded their proclamations. But finally the pressure of events became too much for him, and he was forced by political and military considerations to issue his own famous proclamation, which, writes Mr. Hofstadter, had "all the moral grandeur of a bill of lading," and which "did not in fact free any slaves," as, apart from its propaganda value, "it added nothing to what Congress had already done in the Confiscation Act."

But if Lincoln was not the Great Emancipator of myth, there is no doubt that he displayed rare qualities of character during his Presidential years. His "rage for personal success"

was stilled in the White House. "Is it possible," asks Mr. Hofstadter, "to recall anyone else in modern history who could exercise so much power and yet feel so slightly the private corruption that goes with it? Here, perhaps, is the best measure of Lincoln's personal eminence in the human calendar — that he was chastened and not intoxicated by power."

Wendell Phillips stands apart from the rest of Mr. Hofstadter's company; indeed it is hard to believe that he belongs in it at all. But the chapter which traces his transformation from a mere crusader into "a moralist with a philosophy of history" is interesting for its own sake. Cleveland is presented as a fine flower of the Gilded Age, in which industrialists, or their apologists, quoted Darwin and Herbert Spencer to their purpose, and politics took its moral tone from business. He "was a taxpayer's dream, the ideal bourgeois statesman of his time: out of heartfelt conviction he gave to the interests what many a lesser politician might have sold them for a price." Bryan is portrayed not as the rebel of his reputation, but as a steadfast party man who was intent upon preserving "classic American individualism"; and one who ended as he began — "a provincial politician following a provincial populace in provincial prejudices."

IV

Mr. Hofstadter's last four chapters are devoted to the architects of the Square Deal, the New Freedom and

the New Deal; and to Herbert Hoover, who had the stubbornness and courage to believe that if the American people would only play the game according to old rules they could put an end to a bad run of cards. In the cases of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, the emphasis is on their basic conservatism rather than on superficial innovations and reforms. Moving from a position "well to the right of such liberal capitalists as Abram S. Hewitt and Mark Hanna," Roosevelt declared himself for economic as well as political democracy, and finally took over the progressive movement much as he "took" Panama. The springs of his action were not moral nor ideological, but strictly political. No less political was the sound and fury of his trust-busting; an activity which Taft took seriously, to the horror of many a good Rooseveltian. Perhaps the best evidence of his sincerity or insincerity lies in the fact that, as a progressive action were not moral or ideological, backing from such strongholds of liberalism as the House of Morgan and United States Steel.

Wilson, according to Mr. Hofstadter, was "essentially a spokesman of the past," who, even when he discarded the laissez-faire philosophy, "proposed that the force of the State be used to *restore* pristine American ideals, not to strike out sharply in a new direction." Yet the biographer-historian does not deny that within the traditional economic frame of action Wilson was remarkably ef-

fective, that his first term of office was distinguished by a body of positive legislation unmatched since the days of Hamilton. War came to halt his domestic program, and reaction followed war; but for this he can hardly be blamed.

Mr. Hoover is painted in a style that has already become conventional: as an able administrator, devoid of political gifts, and as the die-hard defender of a largely unregulated profit system, who was helpless in a situation he could not understand; but who was still the first President to attempt leadership in a depression. He was ruined, we are told, by the fact that, "Almost overnight his essential beliefs had become outlandish and unintelligible" — a statement to which I shall return.

"Hoover had lacked motion," says Mr. Hofstadter, "Roosevelt lacked direction." This sentence may be taken as the key to a study of Franklin Roosevelt which agrees in general, and in many particulars, with the view of him presented in this department, in *End of an Era* (September 1948). He lacked direction, but in motion he was indefatigable. He was an improviser without long-range vision, but he never ran out of short-range expedients. He changed his mind as easily as his necktie, and was often of the opinion of the last speaker. When he entered office in the midst of a banking crisis, he was asked if he favored deposit insurance, and he replied that he did not; he denounced as "a cruel joke" the

Hoover farm program, which he was to push to the limit; he condemned Federal deficits, and came to accept deficit financing as a permanent practice; his attack on monopoly was a repudiation of his NRA policy; he entered office as a proponent of the matured-economy theory, and, when war had brought Americans full employment, he happily announced that ours was an expanding economy, which would require "new facilities, new plants, new equipment — capable of hiring millions of men."

Roosevelt's alliance with the left, Mr. Hofstadter points out, was a political maneuver calculated to steal Huey Long's thunder, and also designed to annoy groups and persons who were annoying FDR. His arguments carried him to the brink of socialism, "But the New Deal was designed for a capitalistic economy that, as Miss Perkins says, Roosevelt took as much for granted as he did his family. For success in attaining his stated goals of prosperity and distributive justice he was fundamentally dependent upon restoring the health of capitalism." Of course, he did not succeed; but domestic failure was engulfed, and almost obliterated, by war.

V

The sum of Mr. Hofstadter's studies is the demonstration that there is a very definite American political tradition, the main tenets of which have been steadfastly held by American leaders from Jefferson to Hoover, and

by the vast majority of our citizens for more than a century. The area of agreement shared by our contending major parties has been vast in comparison with their areas of disagreement. Our tradition is founded squarely upon the rights of property and individual effort; on the belief that self-help is the best help; that success is the fair reward of ability and industry; and that economic self-interest, hedged by a necessary minimum of legal restraints, and as free as justice permits from Federal interference, is capable of producing a satisfactory and equitable society.

When Mr. Hofstadter lists the items of Hoover's faith — "efficiency, enterprise, opportunity, individualism, substantial laissez-faire, personal success, material welfare" — he is, as he says, enumerating articles of the dominant American creed; articles of faith common to Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. No historian could have better proved the continuity of our political tradition. But behind this proof are assumptions, and mingled with it are implications and conclusions, that are gravely questionable.

While tracing so successfully the enduring character of the Jeffersonian-Jacksonian philosophy, the author makes it plain that he considers this endurance due to "inflexibility of mind" rather than "steadfastness of faith"; and the gist of his thought regarding the tradition to which he has devoted his book is that this tradition is unusable in our present

circumstances and unadapted to our future needs. In his introduction he writes:

Although it has been said repeatedly that we need a new conception of the world to replace the ideology of self-help, free enterprise, competition, and beneficent cupidity upon which Americans have been nourished since the foundation of the Republic, no new conceptions of comparable strength have taken root and no statesman with a great mass following has arisen to propound them.

Even Franklin Roosevelt's contribution was negative, not positive: he sapped the strength of old structures, but provided no practicable new blueprints.

Mr. Hofstadter's cast of mind is most clearly revealed, however, in the statement that Mr. Hoover's essential beliefs became outlandish and unintelligible almost overnight. Name over to yourself those items of belief, and then ask yourself — and Mr. Hofstadter — what kind of nation or society it would be in which efficiency, enterprise, opportunity, individualism, personal success and material welfare were outlandish and unintelligible. (I have omitted "substantial laissez-faire" from the list, because "substantial" is an indefinite adjective in this context.) Material welfare is, as I understand it, the prime and avowed aim of almost all social theorizing, planning and reform; and it is hard to see how even a social-service state could happily dispense with efficiency, or with a certain amount of individual enterprise,

or how its citizens could enjoy any sense of human dignity without simultaneously enjoying some sense of personal success.

There is today a highly vocal school of thinkers dedicated to the proposition that a social system which is not perfect in every part should be destroyed root and branch, dynamo and cog. It is, I believe, a dangerous school. Our system is not perfect, and it is being seriously challenged by new conditions, but it has proved itself capable of continual adjustment and improvement, and the argument that its potentialities are exhausted is no more than a rash theory. But, cry the all-or-nothing perfectionists, it has failed miserably!

Well . . . as I write these words

on a Labor Day weekend, the radio informs me that 100 million Americans are crowding our roads in some 30 million automobiles. This is, of course, a grossly material fact, but I cannot believe that it is a negligible one in measuring the success or failure of our economic system, or the vitality of our tradition of self-help; and I must repeat that it is on material, not spiritual grounds, that the American tradition stands condemned in the eyes of social radicals and iconoclasts. Perhaps the perfectionists will insist that there should be 150 million Americans in 45 million automobiles. And perhaps there should be. I see no reason to object to these figures as a goal — if the road-builders keep pace with the motorists, and if some of us are allowed to stay at home.

SONG

BY JANE MORRISON

Tomorrow's melody may come in tatters,
One dissonant chord.
The voice of yesterday says nothing matters,
Not heart, not sword.

But now is music's strength, now is its climax;
Make memory strong,
Inviolable, not the pallid beauty time sacks:
Today is song.

THE CHECK LIST



(Continued from page 517)

own fate, but also for the destruction of his women, he is making a thematic statement which is not borne out by the dramatic action of the book. If Sykes understands his characters, it is because he has made them of cardboard. He has adapted the style of the early Maugham to accommodate the Tory mannerism of Waugh.

THE SHIP AND THE FLAME, by Jerre Mangione. \$3.00. *Wyn.* Mr. Mangione clearly feels a deep sympathy for the plight of European political and racial refugees. In this novel, however, this sympathy is not sufficient to lend vitality or authenticity to a plot which poses the problem of displaced persons in terms so simple that they falsify the theme. The book is constructed out of the good-hearted but inadequate belief that European liberals faced only internment and Jews faced consequences only slightly more severe than loss of civil rights. Mangione uses the allegorical device of a ship-load of refugees headed toward a hostile port. Within the psychologies of the characters, the effects of totalitarian brutalities have an importance equal to but not larger than their desire for efficient sex lives. There is nothing in *The Ship and the Flame* to suggest that millions of men and women perished in the gas chambers and crematoria of the Nazis, or that "internment" was in many ways the kindest of fates on a continent which had been brutalized and deprived of hope.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

BEING AN AMERICAN, by William O. Douglas. \$2.75. *John Day.* Justice Douglas is one of the more enlightened and able men on the

U. S. Supreme Court, but in this collection of speeches he is not at his best. Indeed, he does not prove much beyond the fact that he knows as many clichés as the next liberal. He puts himself squarely on record in favor of minority rights, the Four Freedoms, equality, the Declaration of Independence and Thomas Jefferson, but he really hasn't much that is fresh to say on any of these subjects. The volume appears to have been prepared in the expectation that the Justice would find a place on the Democratic ticket; at least, there is hardly a statement in the whole collection that would have cost him any votes.

PRELIMINARY DRAFT OF A WORLD CONSTITUTION, by the Committee to Frame a World Constitution. \$2.00. *Chicago.* The eleven educators (six of them from the University of Chicago) who drew up this Constitution under the guidance of Robert M. Hutchins have convinced themselves that their handiwork provides a workable foundation for world peace, and that it even has a fair chance of acceptance by the Soviet government. Inasmuch as their draft insists rather strongly on western-style democracy, civil liberties and some private enterprise, not to mention the Golden Rule, some readers may have difficulty envisioning Stalin and Vishinsky reacting to it with delight. It might also be interesting to speculate on how long it would take the eleven professors to master the "one language" which they assert shall become standard in all documents of the World government within three years.

THE MORE PERFECT UNION, by Robert M. MacIver. \$4.00. *Macmillan.* Dr. MacIver's thesis is that group tensions, specifically those

deriving from ethnic and cultural differences, rather than the more commonly emphasized economic stresses, represent the greatest danger to our social cohesion. He feels that a happy synthesis must be found in the great American crazy-quilt of nationalities; that "men must somehow be taught that difference is not separateness and that community is not identity." He argues that we must advance beyond the prevailing detached, academic approach which consists so largely in the sterile accumulation of facts and statistics on the problem of racial discrimination; and translate our findings into a scientific, methodical offensive against the condition itself. In contrast to many others, Dr. MacIver feels that discrimination is more vulnerable to attack on the economic level than on that of popular mores, where it is more deeply entrenched in tradition and irrationality; and he recommends a frontal assault on the effects of discrimination — segregation, economic and educational inequality, etc. — rather than deferment of concrete action until popular prejudices have been uprooted.

POWER AND PERSONALITY, by Harold Dwight Lasswell, Ph.D. \$3.00. *Norton*. Like Professor Lasswell's *Psychopathology and Politics*, which appeared in 1930, this volume is largely an attempt to relate our knowledge of psychology to the practical business of making democracy work. Although the author is not very optimistic about the future — "World democratization is drastically improbable" — he has, at least, some strong convictions about what has sent us off the right track in the past. Mainly, he thinks, it has been a sort of mass anxiety neurosis and self-hatred that has led people to want dictatorships. The emphasis throughout the book is on removing the neurotic elements in our relations to our leaders, and in providing some sort of "self-observatories" to stimulate scientific thinking in politics. Professor Lasswell has obviously not tried to write for a lay audience, but the book should be of durable interest to scholars.

HISTORY

STALIN AND GERMAN COMMUNISM, *A Study in the Origins of the State Party*, by Ruth Fischer. \$8.00. *Harvard*. The central thesis of

this monumental work is that Lenin's vision of international socialism could have been achieved only if Germany, the most advanced nation in Europe technologically, had been able to come over into the Bolshevik camp after the first World War. The failure of the German CP to take power in 1923, Miss Fischer believes, marked the final downfall of Lenin's internationalism, and paved the way for Stalin's totalitarian State Party, whose ideological base was "socialism in one country." The author was herself a member of the Left Bloc of the German Party, who was intimate with many of the titans of early Communism; and she was in a position to watch at first hand the transformation of the Comintern into an agency of Stalin's personal rule. Her descriptions of the schisms, heresies, plots and counter-plots within the international movement, as well as her portraits of the individuals involved, should make fascinating reading even for non-specialists. For serious students the book is, of course, indispensable.

MUNICH: PROLOGUE TO TRAGEDY, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. \$5.00. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. This is a superb history of the events of September 1938, done in the grand British manner by a scholar who has devoured the source material thoroughly, has a keen sense of drama, and writes with a sure ear for the felicitous phrase. The author knew Mr. Chamberlain and some of the other Englishmen involved, but, though he writes without venom, he is not very kind to his fellow-countrymen; he believes Munich to have been an even greater stupidity than most of us had realized. General Keitel is quoted as saying, at Nuremberg, that the German High Command "did not believe themselves to be strong enough at that moment to break through the fortifications of the Czechoslovak frontier. . . ."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE WEST AT BAY, by Barbara Ward. \$3.50. *Norton*. Miss Ward has brought to this work all the clarity of thought and ease of expression which make the London *Economist*, of which she is foreign affairs editor, such consistently lively reading. Briefly, she is plumping

here for a union of Western Europe which, ultimately at least, would do away with trade barriers, competition in currencies, and restrictions on the free flow of men and capital. The emphasis is largely on economic measures: "for the next ten years," she believes, "the political forms of Western union should be both more modest and more practical." What makes this book different from other works on the subject is the absence of mere cliché-mongering about customs unions and European parliaments, and a pragmatic insistence on coming to close quarters with the facts of political life.

AS WE SEE RUSSIA, by members of the Overseas Press Club of America, with a preface by Robert B. Considine. \$3.75. *Dutton*. The precise purpose of this volume is not easy to establish. Most of the 25 journalists who contributed to it have already published their thoughts on Russia elsewhere, so that the reader is made to feel he is being served a warmed-over collection of old magazine articles and book chapters. The contributions range in character from the solid scholarship of men like R. H. Markham and Harold R. Isaacs to the gossipy, human-interest reporting of Oriana Atkinson.

LATIN AMERICA, *Continent in Crisis*, by Ray Josephs. \$4.50. *Random House*. A veteran of six years of journalistic experience in the lands south of the border, Mr. Josephs has written a detailed survey of conditions in Latin America based chiefly on a recent twelve-month jaunt through that part of the world. Our standing among the Latin peoples, he concludes, "is as low as it has ever been in this generation and it is not getting any better." The reason is that we have shown little interest in Latin America in the face of pressing problems in Europe and Asia and have lent our approval to the authoritarian and Nazi-minded régime of General Perón in Argentina. All of this has served to ease the task of Latin America's energetic Communist Parties. Though jammed with useful material, Mr. Josephs' book is unfortunately organized and written very badly, often giving the impression that he did little more than furbish up his notes somewhat, insert proper punctuation and ship the manuscript to his publisher.

LITERATURE

THE PORTABLE HAWTHORNE, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Malcolm Cowley. \$2.00. *Viking*. This is easily one of the best of the Viking Portables. It contains *The Scarlet Letter* in its entirety, a good sampling of short stories, and also passages from his notebooks, journals and letters. Mr. Cowley's general introduction and his critical notes reveal a fine, sympathetic understanding of the work of one of the two or three greatest writers America has produced so far.

THE WHITE GODDESS, by Robert Graves. \$4.50. *Creative Age*. Mr. Graves, who is a highly competent man of letters, has constructed a theory of poetry which combines the dazzling erudition of Frazer's *Golden Bough* and the enormously misguided zeal of the Baconians. It is his contention that all authentic poetry is a celebration of the White Goddess, a deity whom he resurrects from certain near-archaic myths. Either fear or love of the goddess motivated such disparate characters as Jesus, Petronius and a Welsh bard named Taleisin. To support this theory he invokes every defense from Druidic lore to hallucinatory vision, and he backs it up with such esoteric learning that it would take a panel of anthropologists, poets, soothsayers and students of the *Talmud* to gainsay him. The average reader can say merely that the theory seems highly unlikely and that if its truth were ever granted, Mr. Graves would be delivering the poets of Western society into the hands of those philistines who have bedevilled them with the charge of being more than a little fey. This was not his intention, of course, but many of us still possess a child-like faith in reason, which Mr. Graves asks us to eschew, and as a consequence we look askance at his methods. To establish the validity of a thesis by intuition and vision and then to pursue it with hazel wands and divining rods is not a technique that merits serious consideration.

PORNOGRAPHY AND OBSCENITY, by D. H. Lawrence. \$1.00. *Alicat Book Shop*. Here is a very handy and timely reprint of one of the best discussions of literary and artistic censor-

ship in the English language. Lawrence points out with great effectiveness the immorality of censorship and its complete failure to do even what the censors hope it succeeds in doing. Lawrence also has many fine things to say about the obscenity of a great deal of the literature that appears between book and magazine covers and yet does not stir the ire of the Comstocks.

FIRST LOVE, by Ivan Turgenev. \$3.50. *Lear*. This book opens with three appreciations of Turgenev by Henry James, Joseph Conrad and Prosper Mérimée. The one by James is a first-rate piece of criticism, profound, just and beautifully written. The other two are perfunctory. There follow, in translation by Constance Garnett, three short novels by the Russian master: "First Love," "The Diary of a Superfluous Man" and "Acia." Alas, they are not very good. Told for the most part in the first person they deal with man's first passion for woman, and are so overwritten that they make difficult reading. But the author of *A Sportsman's Sketches* and *Fathers and Sons*, like the author of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, had a right to occasional bad days.

BIOGRAPHY

FROM THE HEART OF EUROPE, by F. O. Matthiessen. \$3.00. *Oxford*. These rambling, discursive notes on a visit to Europe in the summer of 1947 would make pleasanter reading if their author were not so horribly mixed up politically. His reflections on politics, interlarded between some pleasant chitchat on the state of the arts in Europe and America, make fantastic reading. On the one hand, Mr. Matthiessen describes himself as a Christian, a democrat and a socialist, as an idealist, a believer in original sin and a firm friend of civil liberties. On the other hand, he writes of Harry Bridges, William Z. Foster and Vincent Ray Dunne (the Trotskyist) as his ideal labor leaders, takes a few passing sneers at social democrats like Norman Thomas and Walter Reuther, and remarks, "If I lived in France, I don't quite see how I could help being a Communist." The height of absurdity is attained in the publication, without apparent revisions, of his comments on Czechoslovakian democracy, which he found to be in a flourishing

state when he visited that country before the *putsch*.

THE DIARY OF PIERRE LAVAL, with a preface by Josée Laval. \$3.50. *Scribners*. This slender volume, which was written by Laval while he was awaiting trial in prison, is not so much his diary as an impassioned defense of his whole political career. It was prepared as an answer to the Act of Accusation brought against him by the first De Gaulle government. Laval had an encyclopedic knowledge of French politics, and his defense of himself, which is based on detailed reconstructions of the events in which he was involved, will not sound wholly ridiculous to many who once regarded his execution as a matter of simple justice. Most of his wartime behavior is defended by an appeal to the "lesser evil" principle: he continually asks the reader, would it have been better without any French satellite government to vitiate the harshness of Hitler's decrees? Perhaps the most convincing portion of his argument deals with his trial, which he asserts was rushed to its completion by a government more concerned with the politics of his case than with justice.

TOLSTOY AS I KNEW HIM, by Tatyana A. Kuzminskaya. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. The author of this fascinating book of reminiscences was the sister of Tolstoy's wife. As a child she heard Tolstoy propose marriage to his future wife, as an adolescent girl she spent much time at her brother-in-law's house, and as a young and beautiful and vivacious girl she enjoyed the full friendship and detailed advice of the future novelist, who used her as the model for Natasha Rostova in *War and Peace*. Tolstoy comes out of the book a very real human being, with the usual contradictions and ugliness and nobility and sweetness and stubbornness and miserliness and generosity and patience and unreasonableness of all human beings. Tatyana was an eternal girl, to the immense delight of all who knew her, but she also had very clear and sharp eyes, as this lovely torrent of uninhibited memories amply shows. Students of Tolstoy will find this book a gold mine; but all others will also find it as captivating as almost any current novel, even of the upper level.

THE OPEN FORUM



NAZIS AND THE LAW

SIR: I have just finished the article in the August issue written by S. Miles Bouton entitled "Our Mistakes in Germany," and must confess I found it infuriating. I hope that you will publish an answer from someone who can answer Mr. Bouton authoritatively. Mr. Bouton's constant comparisons to judicial practice in this country are, at least to me, out of order. The laws in this country are based on consent of the governed through their elected officials. Germany is a conquered country and is being treated far better than the Nazis ever treated any country in Europe that they overran. The general tone of the article is what annoyed me. The poor Germans, repeats Mr. Bouton, nobody understands them, they are suffering horribly. Have the conquerors installed crematoria ovens, concentration camps, and have they embarked on a policy of depopulation as did the Germans when they ruled with an iron fist? It is the opinion of news commentators that I have heard on the radio, notably Elmer Davis, that the major difficulty in the present German plight, if one does exist, is to be found in the refusal of the farmers to sell their products to those living in the cities. I know from personal experience that many people in this country send large packages of food and clothing to relatives in Germany, so they can't be so bad off. To an ex-GI, Mr. Bouton's article, which is so full of hindsight, is far from satisfactory.

M. S. TAUBMAN

New York City

SIR: That no act may be made a crime by a law passed after its commission is a fundamental principle of the jurisprudence of all civilized nations. Because it stood in the way of despotic rule, the Hitler government ordered the German

courts to disregard it. That order was denounced by the press of all free countries. It is shocking to hear an American demand that we also shall abandon the principle.

The casuistry employed to make it appear that American and Allied courts in Germany were proceeding on the basis of existing laws has been refuted by distinguished jurists, but at least there was an effort to make it appear that we still did homage to the rule. Mr. Taubman is franker — and more honest.

S. MILES BOUTON

Ashville, N. Y.

PLACE NAMES

SIR: May I draw to the attention of Mr. James W. O. Swift, who bubbled over into print with his place-name whimsies, a map of the state of Pennsylvania. [See the July "Soap Box."] There he will find a town called Husband. If Mr. Swift is still "all for facing facts," he will rejoice to find also a village called Intercourse. These are facts; in small print but definitely in the script. From there on your Jimmy will have to ad libido.

D. G. B.

Metuchen, N. J.

THE PALESTINE MESS

SIR: I have spent six years in the Middle East, North Africa, Turkey, Greece and Italy, and I am familiar with the politics of that corner of the world. I submit that William B. Ziff, whose article, "Behind the Palestine Mess," appeared in the August *MERCURY*, has victimized your magazine by selling it an article studded with the most glaring and obvious errors. He has

drawn inferences from false statements of fact, plucked quotations out of their contexts, and leaned on half truths that are bound to amuse even those persons who agree with his support of a Zionist state. . . .

Mr. Ziff's early contention that the United States has followed a blind course of backing the British Empire's interests willy-nilly under all conditions ignores the head-on clash over Palestine, only lately resolved by compromise, which very nearly ruined both the interests of Britain and the United States. It ignores such items as the *coup* of American businessmen in obtaining the prized Saudi Arabian oil concessions.

But to pass on to more specific matters. Mr. Ziff says that Farouk of Egypt seeks to restore the Caliphate — or, we presume, to be the Caliph — by deposing Ibn Saud, Abdullah and the king of Iraq. The contention is an old wives' tale never proved by any public action or utterance of Farouk. Is Mr. Ziff unaware that the Caliphate is a religious office which happened to reside with the Sultan of Turkey but survived briefly his temporal power. A new Caliph — and there is not going to be one — would have no more temporal power than the Pope, and probably less.

"Non-believers are continuously terrorized. Butcheries of Jews and Christians are common and very little different from the Russian pogroms organized in Tsarist days." The truth is this: During this century the persecution of minorities has dropped in the Arab area and except in the case of the Assyrian Christians violence has not been a Christian problem. Until Zionism began to distort thinking and to play into the hands of bigots the Jews had a peculiarly good position in the Arab world and were treated better than anywhere in Europe. During the last six years exactly four riots and incidents have resulted in the loss of Jewish lives in all the Arab League countries and Libya. Of these, riots in the Yemen, Aden and Libya were the direct result of the almost hysterical fear created in Arab breasts at the thought of a wealthy, expanding Zionist state, threatening, as they see it, the meager income with which they sustain life. The riots in Iraq during the Gailani (or Khilani) revolt were directly inspired by Nazi — German — provocateurs, and the stoning of Stephen Haas in Cairo (on which details are still lacking) may have been an anti-American rather than an anti-Jewish outburst. This is not a good record — one such incident is too many — but the riots were not caused by responsible governments in the manner which

I have always believed Russian pogroms were. The Khilani government was a purely Axis baby, quickly overthrown. The Libyan riots were condemned by all important Arabs of that country. Neither Mr. Ziff nor I is competent to discuss the details of the Yemen affair, as it is not always clear just who does constitute the government in that unhappy little feudalism. But is it fair to tar the whole Arab world?

"Americans employed by the American-Arabian oil company dare not wear European clothes," says Mr. Ziff. A cursory look at photos of oil operations there will disprove this. The company has avoided church services in a backward-bending effort to avoid offense, not to Ibn Saud, but to the fanatical Wahabbi over whom he exercises an uneasy control.

Great Britain exerts wide indirect control over the area — we will pass the parallel with Russian satellites, but the allegation that the Arab Legion contains few natives of Transjordan is utter buncombe. The personnel is overwhelmingly Arab with a few Syrians, Palestinians, and Iraqis filling out the ranks in addition to the Transjordanians.

His quotation of Lawrence against the Arabs is an old saw, often used out of context, and refuted by the life of a man who gave up all personal honors because he felt the Arabs he fought with had had a raw deal.

The next paragraph, which tries to prove that even the British regard Arab troops as unreliable, is false. Egyptian soldiers had charge of all attack defense at Cairo and Alexandria. They were not used at the front for the obvious if somewhat euphemistic reason that Egypt was neutral at the time, but more pertinently because the Egyptian army was not the type of effective fighting force needed at that moment.

During World War II three prominent Arabs — the Mufti, Kawukji and Jamal Husseini were Axis agents. One good by-product of recent events in Palestine is the discrediting of all three. Must I name all the others who were not Axis agents? Azzam Pasha, Nokrashy Pasha, Abdullah, Abdul Illah, etc. The failure of the Khilani revolt in Iraq — a ten day wonder of a military *coup* — was sealed because most of the army and the Regent did not go along with Khilani and even the attempts to stir the people in revolt failed miserably. Is that the implication of Mr. Ziff's statement? The charge that Ibn Saud even thought of joining the Germans is a weird pipe dream — he got his oil royalties and some money as compensation for bases and assistance granted the Allies.

Mr. Ziff's neck is out furthest when he says that 40 per cent of Alexander's effectives in North Africa were Jewish boys from Palestine. I presume he means the Middle East and not North Africa, since the number of American troops in the other theatre would have reduced the British army to something less than zero and have wafted the Free French into thin air.

The Eighth Army had attached to it a Palestinian Pioneer Corps which was a mixed Jewish and Arab outfit, with the Jews generally in the majority. It did not fight but did very good work as a sort of engineer unit. The number of persons in this very valuable outfit was not great — I have to estimate it now, but I should judge 15,000. Out of half a million fighting and non-fighting Allied personnel under Alexander and a fighting force approaching 100,000 this does not constitute a basis for Mr. Ziff's statement.

Many Jews, chiefly British and French citizens from various parts of the Middle East, including Palestine, volunteered and served in the regular British and Free French forces. Jewish girls (and a few Arabs) joined the WAAFs and the ATS. However the total involved in the British forces would not have touched 1 per cent, and I would estimate 20 per cent in the Free French. Recruiting did not go well in Palestine due to an understandable difference between the British command and the Jewish Agency. The latter wanted an all-Jewish outfit with its own officers — the British, fearing that the unit might one day be used for other purposes, at first refused. In the final stages of the Italian campaign the Jewish Brigade at last became a reality and did very well indeed.

The Jews did good work in many, many ways in the last war and there is no ground for criticism — but does such an obvious falsehood aid their case?

This could be wearying, but bear with me while I quickly touch on one or two of the more obvious mistakes.

The entire discussion of the strategic factors ignores what I supposed every newspaper reader knew by now — that the main British defense line is now the central Africa line from Accra to the Sudan; hence the frantic British efforts to keep the Sudan. Mr. Ziff also ignores the terrain of Greece and North Italy which makes both good defense bets for a nation with predominant airpower, and the almost total lack of roads in Turkey, south Russia, Iraq and Persia, a factor which, when combined with poor Russian transport might make it possible for an army to hold out against a southward Communist thrust

despite dependence on sea transport. The Germans, faced with a similar and seemingly much easier problem in Africa never quite made the grade although the Allies had only long sea routes as a means of supply.

Mr. Ziff neatly ignores the dependence of the Marshall Plan on Middle-East oil; the plan has to work this year and the next, not at some future date when, having expended all our own oil reserves, we turn to production from oil shale.

He grants Russia some very fine motives in its Palestine stand, perhaps forgetting that almost every Middle-East expert predicted that Partition would cause war and trouble and that Russia thrives on war, trouble and unrest. He seems unaware that the present governments of the Arab League lands are chiefly moderate groups sitting, not on the peasants, who are yet politically quiescent, but on the very extreme nationalist groups which we all deplore. Revolution in the Middle East will bring reaction, not reform.

What Arabo-British policy has to do with Armenians is not made clear. Most Armenians today reside either in the USSR or Turkey. Those in the Middle-East Arab lands came as refugees from Turkish massacres and have been given homes and a chance at livelihood through a mixture of Arab hospitality and American charitable effort. The Soviet Union has certainly sold the Armenians a bill of goods, but that is rather beside the point of Mr. Ziff's article.

Civil liberties are not what they might be in many Arab lands, but those that contain "intellectuals and leaders" (we presume he means other than tribal leaders) have allowed a steadily increasing amount of political and intellectual freedom. Punishments, when meted out, have been mild, and nobody has been "butchered and brutalized."

Before I write an article of my own or get involved in protests against the highly exaggerated and often completely inaccurate statements on British policy, I'm going to stop. . . .

GRANT PARR

New York City

SIR: Taking Mr. Parr's allegations in order, the head-on clash between the United States and the British Empire is a glib propaganda generality which as far as I am aware is borne out by no details. That various members of the Congress of the United States and others have not been able to stomach some of the more brazen acts of the British government and have compelled

the Anglophiles in the American State Department into some degree of caution in their all-out backing of British maneuvers, is true. But if this is the "head-on clash" to which Mr. Parr refers, I scarcely see how it "nearly ruined both the interests of Britain and the United States."

As to the ambitions of Farouk of Egypt, these are well known to any student of the Middle East. To say that they have not been proved by any public utterance of Farouk himself is exactly the same as to say that Mr. Stalin has never admitted his plan for conquering the entire world. However no sound man doubts Mr. Stalin's ambitions. Mr. Parr seems unaware of the nature of theocratic government in the Middle East when he states that the Caliphate is only a religious office. Moslem religious and civil law represent a common pattern of view. As practiced in Arabia, Moslemism is not only a religion but an exclusive way of life.

Mr. Parr's disclaimer of any terrorization of Jews and Christians in Arab countries is amazing, though he does admit that there was some violence to the Assyrian Christians. As it happens, the Assyrians are the only large Christian minority in Iraq. Taking Iraq as an example, since it is supposed to be the most modern of these countries, I point out that the great Assyrian writer, Yusuf Malek, in his book, *The British Betrayal of the Assyrians*, gives a bitter account of what happens to a Christian minority in Iraq. In 1933 there was a mass pogrom in which in the town of Sinel alone 4000 Assyrians were butchered by the Iraqi army after having first been disarmed by the British. That this situation still holds today is made very clear in the agonized petitions which are being currently sent to the United Nations by Assyrian leaders pointing out that their people throughout the Moslem countries, including Iraq, are being regularly terrorized, degraded and slaughtered.

The same is true in regard to the Armenians, for whom life has become so hopeless that during recent years they have looked to Russia for rescue and are moving en masse to Russian territory. If further authority be needed to verify this point, there is the strongest possible statement made by Archbishop Ignace Moubar, religious head of the Lebanese Christians, who told the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry on Palestine that the Lebanese Christians were in constant danger from their intolerant neighbors, and that the very survival of Christian Lebanon depended upon the existence of an Israel with whom they could be allied against the continuous threat of the Sword of Islam. The Archbishop, incidentally,

is an exile in Rome as a result of his stand, a type of intimidation which has extended to the head of the Nestorian Church, the Mar Eshai Shimun, who is in exile in the United States and is forbidden to set foot in Iraq even for the purpose of consecrating his bishops. As for the Jews, butcheries have been common in all of the Arab countries. In many of them like Yemen and Saudi Arabia, they possess no human rights whatsoever and are at the mercy of every passing ruffian. In Iraq during World War II after Baghdad had been reconquered from its pro-Axis rulers, a horrible massacre of Jews took place under the eyes of the British, who made no move to interfere. At least 400 were known to have been killed and their possessions sacked. The excuse was that the Jews had been pro-Ally.

If any further need be said on the subject of terrorization of minorities, the records of the old League of Nations and the present United Nations are replete with information. The *Shia* Moslems who perhaps are the majority Moslems of Iraq, regularly sent protests and petitions to the League referring to their Sunnite rulers as "savages whom Britain has imported from the desert to terrorize us."

As for the statement I made in reference to the religious life of Americans in Saudi Arabia, I should like to quote Dr. Carl Voss, extension secretary of the Church Peace Union, writing a few months ago in the *Churchman*. "There is no church of any kind in the Aramco community," states Dr. Voss. "It is feared that any outward show of Christian faith might offend Arab sensibilities. . . ."

The charge that I have quoted Lawrence out of context is fantastic to those actually familiar with Lawrence's work. No one who has read Lawrence can fail to be aware of the fact that he was completely contemptuous of the Arabs as a fighting force. Again and again, he makes it clear that the few thousand who fought in World War I, did so for gold and loot and nothing else. He states that whenever there was a head-on fight his Arab allies invariably vanished into thin air. The British author, C. S. Jarvis, in his book, *Three Deserts*, moreover quotes Colonel Wilson, Lawrence's associate and the British representative at King Hussein's Court, as referring to the Arab forces as "a cowardly and undisciplined rabble," a view which Lawrence nowhere disputes.

Mr. Parr seems to argue somehow that the Transjordan force is not a British force but a real Transjordanian Arab force, in short, that this little, poverty-stricken nation of 300,000 nomads

is capable of putting a modern, mechanized army in the field. Need I remind him that the officer who led the Arab assault on Jerusalem was Brigadier Lash, an English officer. Lash's chief was Major General Glubb, also a British officer. Recent statements by captured Legion members are all to the effect that they were forced into battle "by their British officers."

Need it be mentioned also that when Israeli planes raided Transjordan's capitol, Amman, in retaliation for Abdullah's invasion of Israel, the British promptly notified Israel that Amman was a British stronghold and that if any further raids occurred all Israeli planes would be shot out of the sky by the RAF!

The remark that Egyptian soldiers were not used at the front, despite the fact that Egypt had been invaded by the Germans and Italians, because "Egypt was neutral at the time," is difficult for me to understand. So is the observation that "the Egyptian Army was not the type of effective fighting force needed at the moment." Just what rôle are Egyptians supposed to play when their homeland is invaded unless they are in the mood to consider the invaders as "rescuers," which happens to have been the fact. Egypt, together with all of the Moslem states in the Near and Middle East, was strongly pro-Axis during the war. John Gunther tells us in his book, *Inside Asia*, that the cry, "Heil Hitler!" was a common greeting among the Arabs.

As for the great rôle played by the Jewish boys from Palestine, which Mr. Parr plays down, it is merely necessary to refer to Mr. Van Paassen's book, *The Forgotten Ally*, in which a full expression of Israel's contribution is recited.

Mr. Parr's optimism in reference to Greece and Northern Italy as providing good defense bets for a nation with predominant air power is completely unsound. I know of no competent military man who would agree with his estimate. As for the Marshall Plan dependence on Middle Eastern oil, I believe I covered this in my article, mentioning what Mr. Parr ignores, that Middle East oil can be purchased anyway on the open market in peacetime, whereas in wartime it is more than doubtful that these installations can be successfully defended against the first headlong rush of Russian advance. It is pure fiction to imagine in any event that this oil is controlled by the Arab states. Its control is vested in British and American finance and in British warplanes, which guarantee its production and delivery short of a world war. . . .

WILLIAM B. ZIFF

Chicago, Ill.

POE AND VIRGINIA

SIR: William Hines and Edward Cottrell, the authors of the article on "The University of Virginia," which appeared in the August *MERCURY*, twice misspelled the middle name of Edgar Allan Poe, one of the most familiar names in American letters. One of the authors was designated in your biographical note as a copy editor for the Department of the Army. It looks as if the Army and the *MERCURY* are both in a bad way for copy editors.

Otherwise the article was delightful reading, though I am left in doubt as to how seriously the authors take the Virginia gentleman and his "honor system." No picture could be more fantastic than the one given.

W. B. PHILLIPS

Mt. Rainier, Md.

SIR: In transmitting Mr. Phillips' letter you stated, "I am afraid to look at the issue, for fear the complaint of Mr. Phillips might be a sound one. If we really did misspell Poe's name, all of us ought to duck our heads in the Potomac for 35 minutes."

We checked, and found Mr. Phillips to be right. Inasmuch as we can't even plead ignorance, we consider your suggestion most reasonable. Might we suggest, however, that we defer our baptism until spring, so Mr. Phillips can have the shade of Japanese cherry blossoms to shield him from the sun while he sits on the bank of the Potomac keeping time on us?

As to Mr. Phillips' question about our personal views on the honor system, we are astounded that anyone sufficiently conversant with journalism to know what a copy editor does would be apparently ignorant of the fact that a reporter's opinions are of vast unimportance. All we did was report the existence of the honor system. Our views *pro* and *contra* are a trade secret, not included in the 25-cent price of a copy of the *AMERICAN MERCURY*.

WILLIAM HINES
EDWARD COTTRELL

Arlington, Va.

LIFE UNDER SOCIALISM

SIR: I have read "Life under Socialism in England" by H. W. Seaman [in the August *MERCURY*] with much interest. In decrying the policies of the Labour government, Mr. Seaman refers to the sweet and lovely country that was. I would advise him to read Jack London's ac-

count of his investigations of the London slums in 1901. In London's *People of the Abyss* he can get an idea of what England was like before it had social security. . . .

LUCY P. EASTMAN

Minnewaska, N. Y.

SUGGESTION

SIR: In "The Soap Box" for August, Grace O. Potter wonders if it would be an imposition to ask radio stations to announce the IQs of their commentators. My experience in listening to some dozen of them in one day, over a variety of stations, has been that they all put out the same propaganda — often in the very same words. Better have them tell us who tells them what to say, and give his IQ, if any.

GLEN F. BAILEY

Maquoketa, Ia.

STATE CAPITALS

SIR: Writing in "The Soap Box" of the July MERCURY, contributor Arthur Matheson decries the fact that in these United States "we have picked the wrong cities to be capitals." "The city in each state with the greatest population," he says, "should be the capital." He cites Boston as the sole exception to our refusal to name major cities as capitals.

In the first place, it seems to me, this argument ignores the question of geographical location. In the second place, it is based on false information. Many great cities *are* capitals. What about Denver, Richmond, Phoenix, Atlanta, Little Rock, Jackson, Des Moines, Boise, Hartford, Providence, Salt Lake City, Indianapolis, Oklahoma City and Cheyenne? I am sure that the inhabitants of the above-mentioned cities, all of which are capitals, do not regard their homes as whistle-stops. . . .

LEWIS W. WARNER

Tucson, Ariz.

NON-SPELLERS

SIR: Falk Johnson's article in the September MERCURY ["Should Spelling Be Streamlined?"] was excellent. But he did not mention the most tragic loss resulting from our illogical spelling.

Over a period of twenty years of trying to teach English, I have seen hundreds of our most promising college students fall by the wayside because they rebelled against the course in freshman English. . . .

A case in point: Last fall I had in my freshman English class a young man who had failed the course twice. He was ambitious to become a veterinary surgeon. Seeing sense in most of his courses, he applied himself with assiduity. But paragraphing as taught in college (and rarely used in the magazines he read) did not appeal to him. Nor did the slavish devotion to our spelling seem sensible. Deciding that the boy was worth saving for education, I overlooked a few misspelled words. When the paper was filed for inspection by the head of the department, I rued the action. She pointed out to me that some words were not checked; that I had failed to deduct three points for each of several misspelled words. I argued that in this case the boy was worth more than the spelling, but was overruled. Soon the boy dropped out of school to sell used cars. His dream of being a veterinarian was gone. He couldn't spell. . . .

Sometimes I think a fitting inscription over the door of every college would be: ENGLISH'LL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

LOIS G. MORRISON

San Antonio, Tex.

SOLUTIONS

from page 575

BUNKER HILL

1. de B ar
2. ro U te
3. ti N ny
4. fa K ir
5. cr E am
6. co R al
7. us H er
8. po I se
9. sa L ve
10. so L on

~~~~~  
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

*19th President of the U. S.*

Dear Mercury Reader:

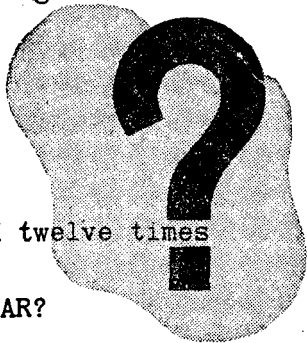
Here's a riddle with a happy solution for folks like yourself, puzzling over Christmas gift lists. What is it that —

Relaxes yet stimulates . . .

Entertains yet informs . . .

Is given once, yet is received twelve times

**COSTS NO MORE TODAY THAN PRE-WAR?**



You've probably guessed the answer — The American Mercury! Isn't it a really splendid Christmas remembrance for friends and family — a gift that is both a compliment to the intelligence of those to whom you send it, and a reflection of your own good taste?

At the Christmas season only, you can give The Mercury at these special rates:

*These are*

*pre-war prices!*

Money-Saving Gift Rates

|                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| One Subscription.....             | \$3.00 |
| Two Subscriptions.....            | 5.00   |
| Each Additional Subscription..... | 2.00   |

(Include your own subscription, too -- new or renewal)

These are times in which you give much when you give The Mercury. You give illuminating analyses of world issues . . . behind-the-scenes reports that many publications consider "too hot to handle" . . . revealing portraits of well known figures, and of figures who would prefer to remain in the shadows. You give the news before it reaches the front page . . . and you give more than the news, for you give its background — the little seeds from which great headlines grow.

Enjoyment, information, stimulation -- you give all three when you give The Mercury. And you give it so easily, so much more comfortably than by tiresome shopping. All you need do is fill in and mail the coupon below. Besides twelve months of The Mercury, each recipient will receive a handsome Christmas Gift Card bearing your name.

By mailing the coupon today you'll insure on-time arrival. Why not do it NOW?

Cordially yours,



-----CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM-----

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send a year's subscription as my gift to each of the following:

|                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Name .....              | Name .....              |
| Address .....           | Address .....           |
| City, Zone, State ..... | City, Zone, State ..... |
| Gift Card: From .....   | Gift Card: From .....   |

|                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Name .....              | Name .....              |
| Address .....           | Address .....           |
| City, Zone, State ..... | City, Zone, State ..... |
| Gift Card: From .....   | Gift Card: From .....   |

*Your own subscription may be included at the special gift rates. Please check below.*

ALSO ENTER MY OWN SUBSCRIPTION — ☐ New ☐ Renewal ☐ Do Not

Donor's Name .....

Address .....

City.....Zone.....State .....

☐ I Enclose \$..... ☐ Bill me.

**Special Gift Rates**

**One Subscription—\$3.00**

**Two Subscriptions—\$5.00**

**Each Additional Subscription—\$2.00**

No additional postage for U. S. possessions, Canada or countries in the Pan-American Union; other foreign subscriptions \$1.00 additional per year. No charge for mailing to service men overseas.



# REMINDER

*(Courtesy Mother Nature)*

THE TURN OF SUMMER into fall is Nature's most poignant reminder of another year gone by.

It's a reminder that should make you think, seriously, that you yourself are a year closer to the autumn of your own particular life.

What steps have you taken... what plan do you have... for comfort and security in those later years?

You *can* have a very definite plan—one that's automatic and *sure*.

If you're on a payroll, sign up to buy U. S. Savings Bonds on the Payroll Plan, through regular deductions from your wages or salary.

If you're not on a payroll but have a bank account, get in on the Bond-A-Month Plan for buying Bonds through regular charges to your checking account.

**Do this... stick to it...** and every fall will find you richer by even more than you've set aside. For your safe, sure investment in U. S. Savings will pay you back—in ten years—\$100 for every \$75 you've put in.

**AUTOMATIC SAVING  
IS SURE SAVING—**

**U.S. SAVINGS BONDS**

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation  
with the Magazine Publishers of America as  
a public service.

